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NAC 4

Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 56

Dramatic Selections

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

STANLEY SCHELL

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He hummed the notes over and over; and, though they had a strangely familiar sound, he could not place the fragment. Abandoning the riddle, as he rode round and round the cattle, he began to sing to pass the time. Suddenly, while in the midst of a passage from one of the great works of a master composer, he stopped short. *He was singing the notes on the card!* It came to him like a flash. He tore open his coat and drew out the postal. There was no mistake. He had solved the mystery. With wild shout he wheeled his horse and rode furiously to the camp. He reached Coberly, the "Boss," in two bounds.

"I must be in Denver to-night! I want your best horse, quick! I know it's a hundred and twenty miles to go, but it's only sixty to Empire, and I can get the train there. It leaves at one o'clock, and I can make it, if you'll lend me Star. I know he's your pet horse, and you never let any one ride him, but I tell you, Mr. Coberly, this means everything to me. I simply *must* get there."

Coberly scowled. "You ought to know, Jack, that I won't lend Star; so what's the use o' askin'? What in thunder's the matter with you, anyway, that you're in such a confounded rush?"

Waring thought a moment, and then, drawing the Boss beyond earshot, spoke to him earnestly, finally handing him the postal. Coberly scanned it intently, and a change came over his face. "Why didn't you show me this at first? O' course, you can have the horse. Hi, there! Some o' you boys round up the horses an' rope Star for Mr. Waring. Jump lively."

* * * * * *

Eight o'clock found twenty-three miles behind Star's nimble feet, and the Bar Triangle Ranch in sight. It lacked twenty minutes to ten o'clock when Waring drew rein at foot of the great Divide, the railroad station still fifteen miles away. He unsaddled Star and turned him into the corral. A half-hour's rest would put new life into him.

At quarter past ten, Star, refreshed by energetic rubbing and water, was carrying him up the road. Up, up they went, mile after mile, towards the snowy summit of the Pass. Two miles from the top Waring dismounted, and led his panting horse along the icy trail. He had still twelve miles to go, seven of which were down the steepest road in the State. Could he make it? He must! He stopped, and anxiously examined the noble beast that had carried him so far and so well. There were plenty of life and energy left in Star yet. Waring was again in the saddle, racing down the dangerous path. Almost sitting on his haunches, Star would slide twenty feet at a time down an unusually steep grade, recovering his footing with a staggering effort at the bottom.

At last they came to the level road. Rounding a turn in the road, a horseman approached, eyed Waring sharply and suddenly whipped out a six-shooter.

"Hold up there. I want to talk to you. I'm the sheriff, an' I want to know where you're going with Joe Coberly's horse."

"Oh, is that all you want?" said Waring relieved. "Why, I've been working for Coberly, and he lent me the horse to ride over here to catch the train." And he gathered his reins to ride on.

"Hold on, young man," said the sheriff raising his gun suggestively. "That yarn won't do. I know old Joe, an' I happen to know that he wouldn't lend that horse to his own brother, let alone one of his cow-punchers. I guess I'll have to lock you up till the boys come over after you."

Waring groaned.

"Look here, Mr. Sheriff, I'm telling you God's truth. Coberly let me take the horse because it was the only one that could get me over here in time to catch the train."

Waring reached into his breast-pocket and produced the postal card.

"That is my reason for haste, and that is why Coberly let me take the horse," and he added a few words of explanation.

Keeping his captive carefully covered with the revolver, the

officer rode closer. As he read the card, his face lighted up, and he lowered his gun.

"That's all right, youngster. I'm sorry I stopped you. I don't wonder Joe lent you the horse; I'd 've done the same, even if I'd had to walk myself. I hope you won't miss the train."

Waring rode forward, the sheriff by his side, their horses in rapid gallop. Mounting a rise they saw the town before them, a half mile distant. *The train was at the station!* A touch of the spur, and Star stretched out into a run that left the sheriff behind. A quarter mile yet to go! The black smoke began to come in heavy puffs from the engine, and the line of cars moved slowly from the station. Then Star showed the spirit that was in him. The quirt fell sharply on his flank for the first time that day, and he bounded forward and swept down upon the town like a whirlwind.

The train was gathering speed with every revolution of the wheels, but Star was gaining at every jump. Waring, with eyes fixed and jaws set, was riding desperately.

Thirty feet! Twenty feet—ten feet—and still he gained. Inch by inch Star crawled up. He was abreast of the platform! Swerving the flying horse closer to the track, Waring leaned over; and, grasping the railings with both hands, lifted himself from the saddle, and swung over to the steps of the car.

After congratulations of the passengers, Waring dropped into a seat, lost in thought. Suddenly he remembered that he had left his money in the bundle attached to Star's saddle. It was maddening. There was nothing to do but to throw himself on the mercy of the conductor.

Leaning over, he whispered into the conductor's ear, and ended by showing him the postal. At first, the man looked incredulous; but his expression softened.

"I reckon I'll have to fix it for you, but the only way I can do it is to pay your fare myself, and you can send me the money."

* * * * * *

The car-wheels were still turning when Waring strode through

the station, at Denver. Jumping into a carriage, he was driven to the nearest drug-store, where he consulted a directory.

"Number 900 South 17th Street," he cried. Arriving there, he sprang up the steps.

To the dignified butler who opened the door, he said: "I wish to see Mr. Foster. My name is Waring."

Mr. Foster appeared, the personification of keen-eyed, well-groomed finance.

"What can I do for you, Mr.—er—Waring?"

"Mr. Foster, you are the President of the Denver National Bank, which handles the Western interests of the Second National Bank of Boston? I have an account at the Second, and I want you to cash a check for me. It is after banking hours, I know, and even if it were not, I have no immediate means of identification. It is of the greatest importance that I take the eastern express to-night, or I would not come to you in this irregular way——"

The president looked suspicious.

"It must be a very urgent matter that requires such haste. Really, Mr. Waring, I must positively decline to do anything for you."

"It is an urgent matter," cried Waring, and he told of the postal card, and of his efforts to get to the city.

"Let me see the card," said the banker. "From what is it taken, did you say?" Hearing the answer, he got a bulky musical score, laid it upon the table, and turned the pages. Carefully he compared the music on the card with that of the printed sheet. Then he said in a kindly voice:

"I will assist you, Mr. Waring. It will, of course, be a purely personal accommodation; I cannot resist such an appeal as this. What amount do you require?"

"A hundred dollars."

The banker wrote a check for $150, saying: "You can cash this at the Brown Palace Hotel. I will 'phone the cashier. I am glad to be able to help you, my boy. I envy you, with all my heart.

I would give half of all I own to be in your position," and his voice trembled. "You have my best wishes for a pleasant journey. Good-bye."

Waring ran down the steps with a light heart. "Telegraph office," he shouted. Ten minutes later, these words were speeding over the wire:

"Postal received. Arrive Boston, Friday night.
See Luke 1.13.—JACK."

When the Chicago Limited pulled out of Denver that evening, John Talbot Waring was standing on the rear platform, humming a fragment from the great oratorio, "The Messiah." There was a tender light in his eyes as he gazed at the postal card.

And the words he sang were:

"For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given."

At the same moment, two thousand miles away in the East, a pale young wife was holding a telegram close to her lips. Turning softly on her pillows, she glanced lovingly at the dainty cradle, and whispered, as she glanced at her open Bible,

"Thou shalt call his name John."

CALL OF THE WEST.

EUGENE CARROLL NOWLAND.

The West is calling, calling, seeking men who can rejoice
In her beauties all-enthralling; quick, awaken to her voice!
Wild her cataracts are falling, reigning lone in mountain glen;
Aye, the West is ever calling, ever calling loud for men!
Hark, her deserts vast are chanting out their song—a voiceless song;
And her arid wastes are panting 'neath the sun the live year long.
The West is calling, calling; wake, ye dreamers, hear her cry!
See her beauties all-enthralling spread their wealth beneath the sky!
Golden sunshine in abundance, fruits and flowers and joy's release—
Eden's garden's fair resemblance lies within her land of peace!

MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING HOOD.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

W'Y, one time wuz a little-weenty dirl,
An' she wuz named Red Riding Hood, 'cause her—
Her MA she maked a little red cloak fer her.
An' so one day, her MA she put it on
Red Riding Hood, she did—one day, she did—
An' it 'uz SUND'Y—'cause the little cloak
It 'uz too nice to wear ist EVER' day
An' ALL the time!—An' so her Ma, she put
It on Red Riding Hood—an' telled her not
To dit no dirt on it ner dit it mussed
Ner nothin'! An'—an'—nen her Ma she dot
Her 'ittle basket out, 'at Old Kriss bringed
Her wunst—one time, he did. An' nen she fill
It full o' whole lots an' 'bundance o' good things t'eat
(Allus my Dran'ma SHE says "'bundance," too.)
An' tell her take 'em to her old Dran'ma—
An' not to SPILL 'em, never—'cause ef she
'Ud stump her toe an' spill 'em, her Dran'ma
She'll haf to PUNISH her!

An' nen—An' so
Little Red Riding Hood she p'omised she
'Ud be all careful nen, an' cross her heart
'At she won't run an' spill 'em all fer six—
Five—ten—two hundred-bushel! dollars—gold!
An' nen she kiss her Ma doo'-bye an' went
A-skippin' off—away fur off frough the
Big woods, where her Dran'ma she lived at.—No!—
She didn't do a-SKIPPIN', like I said;—
She ist went WALKIN'—careful-like an' slow—
Ist like a little lady—walkin' long
As all polite an' nice—an' slow—an' straight—

An' turn her toes—ist like she's marchin' in
The Sunday-School k-session!

An'—an'—so
She 'uz a-doin' along—an' doin' along—
On frough the drate big woods—'cause her Dran'ma
She live 'way, 'way fur off frough the big woods
From HER Ma's house. So when Red Riding Hood
She dit to do there, allus have most fun—
When she frough the drate big woo ls, you know.—
'Cause she ain't feared a bit o' anything!
An' so she do sees the little hoppty-birds
'At's in the trees, an' flyin' all around,
An' singin' dlad as ef their parunts said
They'll take 'em to the magic-lantern show!
An' so, while she uz doin' 'long an' 'long,
Fust thing you know they 'uz a drate big old
Mean wicked Wolf jumped out 'at wanted t'eat
Her up, but DASSENT to—'cause wite clos't there
They wuz a Man a-choppin' wood, an' you
Could HEAR him.—So the old Wolf he 'uz *'feared*
Only to ist be KIND to her.—So he
Ist 'tended like he wuz dood friends to her
An' says "Dood-morning, little Red Riding Hood!"—
All ist as kind!

An' nen Riding Hood
She say "Dood-morning," too—all kind an' nice—
Ist like her MA she "TEACHED" her.
Don't know ut-tall 'at he's WICKED WOLF
An' want to eat her up!

Nen old Wolf smile
An' say, so kind: "Where air you doin' at?"
Nen little Red Riding Hood she say: "I'm doin'

To my Dran'ma's, 'cause my Ma say I might."
Nen, when she tell him that, the old Wolf he
Ist turn an' light out frough the big thick woods,
Where she can't see him anymore. And so
She think he's went to HIS house—but he haint,—
He's went to her Dran'ma', to be there fust
An' KETCH her, ef she don't watch mighty sharp
What she's about!

An' nen when the old Wolf
Dit to her Dran'ma's house, he's purty smart,—
An' so he 'tend-like HE'S Red Riding Hood,
An' knock at th' door. An' Riding Hood's Dran'ma
She's sick in bed an' can't come to the door
An' open it. So th' old Wolf knock TWO times.
An' nen Red Riding Hood's Dran'ma she says;
"Who's there?" she says. An' old Wolf 'tends-like he's
Little Red Riding Hood, you know, an' make
His voice soun' ist like hers, an' says: "It's me,
Dran'ma—an' I'm Red Riding Hood an' I'm
Ist come to SEE you."

Nen her old Dran'ma
She think it IS little Red Riding Hood,
An' so she say: "Well, come in nen an' make
You'se'f at home," she says, "'cause I'm down sick
In bed, and got the 'ralgia, so's I can't
Dit up an' let ye in."

An' so th' old Wolf
Ist march in nen an' shet the door adin,
An' DROWL, he did, an' splunge up on the bed
An' et up old Miz Riding Hood 'fore she
Could put her specs on an' see who it wuz.—
An' so she never knowed WHO et her up!

An' nen the wicked Wolf he ist put on
Her nightcap, an' all covered up in bed—
Like he was HER, you know.

Nen, purty soon
Here come along Little Red Riding Hood,
An' SHE knock' at the door. An' old Wolf 'tend
Like He's her Dran'ma; an' he say, "Who's there?"
Ist like her Dran'ma say, you know. An' so
Little Red Riding Hood she say: "It's ME,
Dran'ma—an' I'm Red Riding Hood and I'm
Ist come to SEE YOU."

An' nen old Wolf
He cough an' say: "Well, come in nen an' make
You'se'f at home," he says, " 'cause I'm down sick
In bed, an' got the 'ralgia, so's I can't
Git up an' let ye in."

An' so she think
It's her Dran'ma a-talkin'. So she ist
Open' the door an' come in, an' set down
Her basket, an' taked off her things, an' bringed
A chair an' clumbed up on the bed, wite by
The old big Wolf she thinks is her Dran'ma.—
Only she thinks the old Wolf's got whole lots
More bigger ears, an' lots more whiskers, too,
Nan her Dran'ma; an' so Red Riding Hood
She's kindo' skeered a little. So she says:
"Oh, Dran'ma, what BIG EYES you dot!" An' nen
The old Wolf says: "They're ist big thataway
'Cause I'm so dlad to see you!"

Nen she says,—
"Oh, Dran'ma, what a drate big nose you dot!"
Nen th' old Wolf says: "It's ist big thataway
Ist 'cause I smell the dood things 'at you bringed
Me in the basket!"

An' nen Riding Hood
She say: "Oh-me-oh-MY! Dran'ma! what big
White long sharp teeth you dot!"

Nen old Wolf says:
"Yes—an' they're thataway"—an' drowled—
"They're thataway," he says, "to EAT you wiv!"
An' nen he ist JUMP' at her.—

But she SCREAM'—
An' SCREAM', she did—So's 'at the Man
'At wuz a-choppin' wood, you know,—HE hear,
An' come a-runnin' in there wiv his ax;
An', 'fore the old Wolf know' what he's about,
He split his old brains out an' killed him s' quick
It make' his head swim!—An' Red Riding Hood
She wuzn't hurt at all!

An' the big Man
He tooked her all safe home, he did, an' tell
Her Ma she's all right an' ain't hurt at all,
An' old Wolf's dead an' killed—an' ever-thing!
So her Ma wuz so tickled an' so proud,
She GIVED *HIM* all the good things t'eat they wuz
'At's in the basket, an' she tell him 'at
She's much 'pblige', an' say to "call adin,"
An' story's honest TRUTH—an' all SO, too!

HAIL, WEDLOCK!

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tie!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, friendship, honor, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden, first the holy state began,
When perfect innocence distinguished man.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

TRAGIC DRAMATIC ROMANTIC MONOLOGUE FOR WOMAN IN JAPANESE COSTUME.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

SCENE: Apartment on first floor of Japanese dwelling of better class. At back, large double window opening on court-yard and garden. Room is furnished with cabinet, tea-stand, and cushions. NARA is discovered sitting absorbed in thought at large window at back. She leans forward as though speaking to some one in garden.

FOR me? Then bring it up at once.

[*Goes to and opens street door. Large box is handed in, which she takes and opens eagerly.*]

Cherry-blossoms!

[*Places box on tea-stand, kneels, and rapturously inhales perfume.*]

From him! My love, my dearest love! [*Pause.*] How do I know? [*Little laugh.*] How does the blind beggar know the sun is shining?

[*Takes hand-glass from cabinet and arranges spray of blossons in hair. Then with quick movement snatches box of flowers, and partly empties contents.*]

No written message; not even a word of greeting. [*Moment's silence.*] But what does it matter? He has forgiven, and is coming back to me—is not that enough to know? My pink and white cherry-blossoms are better than a letter, for instead of one word I have a thousand and one.

[*Again inhales perfume of flowers.*] I must put them into water. [*Claps hands, calling loudly.*] Ito! Ito! Bring water and a vase, the large one with the rose-pink handles.

[*Places box of flowers on cabinet; goes to and looks out of window.*]

It is already long after four by the big clock on the university building, and at five o'clock he will be here, on his way up from the club.

[*Sinks on pile of cushions, fanning slowly.*]

How they adore their stupid club—these Englishmen. It cannot be very amusing—nothing but pool and Nap and whiskey pegs all day long. My Justin told me all about it once, and I have forbidden him to go there, except just to glance over the foreign papers. And no pegs! A cup of tea is better, and it is always waiting for him here when the big clock counts off five.

[*Beats up cushions and changes position.*]

It is but just around the corner; in such a very few minutes he will be here in the garden, and under my window. It is open. and he will take the rose from his buttonhole and toss it in. I look up; the rose is lying at my feet; he is here.

[*Rises, goes to street door, listens.*] I hear his foot on the landing, he stops, he knocks.

[*Puts hand to heart, retreating few steps and listening.*]

Ah, my heart! It stops beating for a moment, and then begins again, so fast that I am shaken like a reed in the wind.

[*Steadies herself with hand on wall.*]

There! it has passed, and he knocks again. [*Looks over at street door.*] I am dying to rush to the door, to fling it open, to throw myself at his feet. But I am a woman, and I do not forget that these things are forbidden. And so I sink down again among my cushions. [*Suits action to word.*] I wait a little longer, and then I say, very quietly, "Enter."

[*Turns head towards street-door, smiles, rises, and curtsies.*]

Your honorable Excellency! Be pleased to illuminate with the radiance of your presence the darkness of my unworthy dwelling.

[*Continues to bow and to walk backward, as though conducting imaginary guest to seat of honor.*]

If it be your honorable pleasure to step this way. Be content, O illustrious one [*with entire change of manner, and turning around*]. But it is always at this point that he bursts out laughing, and catches me up into his arms, and I can only look ashamed, and, I am afraid, so happy.

[*Goes again to cabinet, and bends an instant over box of cherry-blossoms.*]

Justin will not let me burn my little stick of incense before him. He says that it is he who should kneel and kiss my hand. It is strange.

[*Stands meditating, with folded hands. With little sigh.*]

You see,, it is so difficult for the East and the West to understand each other. I am Nara, born to the east of the sun, while Justin has blue eyes and yellow hair, and came to Japan for the first time only a year ago. [*Sits.*] And so it happens often that spoken words but confuse the more. A look, the pressure of the hand, and all is made plain.

[*Rising and resuming former manner.*] Will my lord have his tea? [*Claps hands.*] Ito, the hot water. [*Arranges tea-things on stand.*] In a few minutes it will be ready. [*Crossing.*] My honorable friend is weary; it has been a long day at the office of the Embassy? [*Retreating step or two.*] No, my Justin, you must not touch me. See! I have been inventing some new steps. They are pretty, but judge for yourself. The music—you know how it goes—la, la, la, la——

[*Dances few steps, and ends by taking submissive attitude, head bent, and arms crossed on breast.*]

Is my lord pleased?

[*Pauses. Draws aside a little and smiles.*]

And then—and then—he springs to his feet, he puts out his hand, he draws me—oh——

[*Lets hands fall as though suddenly weary, and turns away with half sob.*]

How foolish I am! A day-dream to be blotted out so soon by the coming of the night.

[*Sinks down among cushions.*]

It must be decided now—finally and for aye. My father will never consent. He is bound in honor to Watairo, my cousin, and I am the pledge of their bargain. And Justin, he is just as unreasonable; he will not brook to wait, as a woman learns so soon to do. He will have it that I go with him now before his priest, and then away over the black waters across the rim of the setting sun. And I—I am afraid.

[*Rises and paces restlessly up and down room.*]

It is twice now that he has asked me to do this thing, and twice that I have refused. He went away angry that last time; it is four whole days since I have had even a sign from him. Now he is coming to-day—for the third time. And I am still unready.

[*Stops at cabinet, and continues in half whisper:*]

I had another message to-day. It was from my cousin Watairo, and until now I have not had the courage to read it.

[*Takes small lacquer-box from drawer in cabinet, and looks at it in silence; then, with passionate vehemence:*]

It was for the advancement of family interests that we were affianced in infancy, my cousin Watairo and I. Unlike Justin, he knows how to wait.

[*Shivers, and looks back over shoulder.*]

Yes, it is Watairo who waits and who listens and who understands. Presently he will begin to speak.

[*Covers ears with hands.*]

He is speaking now.

[*Lets hands fall with despairing gesture.*]

And I must listen to what he says, whether I will or no.

[*Goes resolutely to cabinet and takes box.*]

Since it is to be.

[*Opens box and draws out a small object wrapped in square of silk, and letter tied and sealed. Unwraps silk and discloses gold bracelet fashioned in form of coiled serpent.*]

It is pretty; my cousin Watairo has good taste.

[*Lays bracelet down and opens letter. Reading:*]

"You must choose between us—the bracelet and your unworthy servant. And the choice must be made before the falling of the cherry-blossoms—remember that. I kiss your hand, and remain your cousin and ever faithful WATAIRO."

[*Again takes up bracelet and examines it carefully.*]

It is of the ancient make. [*Unclasps bracelet.*] How beautifully the old goldsmiths did their work! But that pin-point—it is just where it might scratch my arm, if I were in too great a hurry to snap down the clasp. I *know* what it means.

[*Opens and shuts bracelet absently.*]

Just a pin-prick—the merest scratch. Nothing in that of which to be afraid—oh, surely not! And my cousin Watairo is most generous to give me the choice between himself and—that little scratch from a pin.

[*Brings hand to heart, letting bracelet fall.*]

What was that? [*Recoils, trembling.*]

The snake! It seems to be alive; it was seeking to coil itself around my arm. [*Recovers herself, with little laugh.*] I think I must have been a little mad just now. I have not given the sacred words to my cousin Watairo; he has not yet the power or the right to strike. He can only wait, patiently wait for his hour to come.

[*Distant clock strikes five. Listens, counting strokes on fan. Triumphantly.*]

My cousin Watairo is very patient, but it is the hour of Justin that comes.

[*Passes hand over eyes.*]

It is gone, the cloud that darkened my eyes. The sun is shining again, and the cherry-trees are still in bloom. [*Goes to window.*] See! Not a single petal has fallen. Not to-day, then, shall I be obliged to choose between my cousin Watairo and his bracelet. And there is no to-morrow, for Justin is coming. Perhaps my lips will still say him nay, but he will not regard them; he will look into my eyes, where my soul is speaking, and he will understand; he will take me, and I shall be safe.

[*Looks towards door of interior apartment and nods.*]

My honorable father, you must not be angry with little me.

[*Crosses to cabinet and bends over box of flowers.*]

My dear cherry-blossoms, they are still waiting for their water. Ito! Ito!

[*Claps hands impatiently. Then, looking off:*]

O miserable one! is it thus that I am served in my father's house? Water, I say, and the vase with the rose-pink handles. Quickly, now!

[*As she turns, sleeve of kimono sweeps box of flowers to floor, and contents are scattered.*]

Oh!

[*Kneels to pick up flowers. A folded sheet of paper is among them, and she seizes it eagerly.*]

Then he did write! How stupid of me not to have found it at the first.

[*Unfolds note and reads, slowly, spelling out unfamiliar words.*]

They take so long to read—these dreadful English words. "Sit-u-a-tion, in-sup-port-a-ble, com-pre-hen-ded—" What does all that mean? What does it mean?

[*Turns over and scans page, lips moving rapidly. Then aloud and slowly:*]

"The impossible—we have been trying to realize it, and we have failed. You cannot yield; no more can I. What remains, then, but to part, for love may not work his will except through love, and the battle is lost the instant that the sword is drawn. I have not dared to come and tell you this by word of mouth. Is it not true that there can be no perfect understanding between you of the East and me of the West? There was a time when I would not acknowledge this, but you saw clearly, and I know now that you were right."

[*Looks up a moment.*]

To know that I was right! It is a woman's greatest triumph —and sorrow—to know *that.*

[*Resumes reading:*]

"I am a coward, and so I am running away. The *Rangoon* sails for Hong-kong this afternoon at five o'clock, and I shall be a passenger——"

[*Crumples letter and rises quickly.*]

At five! The steamer must be now passing the lower forts. I should see her smoke from the window. [*Goes to window.*] I can see nothing. Surely it is unusually dark. [*Gazes at sky.*] The clouds have gathered; it is about to rain. There comes the wind; the trees are bending, the petals are drifting away—it is the falling of the cherry-blossoms.

[*Takes spray of cherry-blossoms from hair and tosses it out of window.*]

It is the last one.

[*Arches hands above eyes and looks out.*]

It is raining now, out upon the bay. There is a little smudge of smoke just beyond the second light, perhaps the *Rangoon* going out.

[*Comes down slowly and picks up bracelet.*]

It will be perhaps an hour before my cousin Watairo can arrive. If I could only be sure, little snake, that your poisoned tongue would do its work quickly. There are two or three things that I should like to attend to—my father. [*Considers a moment.*] Yet, after all, there is but one that is really important—my choice. The bracelet is here, and my cousin Watairo is coming.

[*Sits, unclasps and holds bracelet up.*]

Courage, my heart. This pretty little golden snake bites but once. [*Clasps bracelet on arm.*]

See, it was nothing! I have pricked my finger with my needle more sorely a score of times.

[*Pushes up bracelet as though to examine wound.*]

I can scarcely see it—a tiny dot of red. But already it is growing wider; there is a purple circle now about the scratch, and it spreads even while I look at it. Bah! Why should I look at all? I must not be foolish.

[*Draws down sleeve of kimono and shades eyes for a moment with fan. Looks around suddenly.*]

The rain is passing by; there comes the sun. [*Rises and goes to window.*] And the cherry-blossoms? A few of the petals have fallen, but thousands yet remain. I could have waited a little longer, then——

[*Comes down, and once or twice sways to one side as though dizzy. Stands motionless an instant.*]

Only there was nothing for which to wait. I had forgotten

that. [*Sinks down among cushions.*] It is delicious to feel tired —so tired. [*Remains silent. Then starting up with little cry, hand on heart.*]

Oh! [*Half rises.*]

What a coward I am! It was but for the moment; now I can breathe again. The air; if I could but get to the window.

[*Turns to window at moment that a rose is thrown through open casement, falling at her feet. Looks at it doubtfully; then, in half whisper:*]

A rose! Justin! [*Snatches rose and holds it to lips.*] It has been a mistake, then. He is here; he is calling for me. [*Struggles to feet, speaking breathlessly.*] See! I can stand and walk, oh, so very well.

[*Runs to cabinet and catches up small hand-mirror.*]

I am not really pale; I always go white like this—when he is coming. It is that horrible bracelet—it fits so tightly—it hurts—there!

[*Snatches bracelet off and throws it across room. Listens.*]

He is coming! His foot is on the stair; now he is stopping at the door; he is about to knock.

[*Advances a few steps and listens again.*]

Yes; I am here.

[*Falls. Knock is heard. Draws herself into sitting posture, but falls back. Second knock. Drags herself little way towards door; then, in whisper:*]

Justin!

[*Sinks down, one hand stretched out towards rose lying just beyond. Third knock. Cloud of pink and white cherry-blossoms drifts in at open window. Silence. Curtain falls slowly.*]

WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill—
In a gentleman's family highly genteel.
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible;
Morals of pure unexceptionability;
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.

The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen—
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There is *one* little boy—but *he* only learns Latin.
The lady must teach all the several branches
Whereunto polite education now launches:
She's expected to teach the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative;
Italian she *must* know *au fond,* nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she *may* have with Spanish;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.
The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire,*
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil, in chalks, and the tinting
That's called Oriental, she must not be stint in;
She must paint upon paper, and satin, and velvet;
And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it;
Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,
The Polish mazurka, and best gallopades;
Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,
Grammar and satin-stitch, netting, geography,
Astronomy use of the globes cosmography.
'Twas also as well could she be calisthenical,
That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.

Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,
Must be superintended without intermission:
At home, she must all habits check that disparage,
And when they go out must attend to their carriage.
Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable—
Health good—and reference quite undeniable.

These are the principal matters. *Au reste,*
Address, Perry Street, Mrs. General Peste.
As the *salary's moderate,* none need apply
Who more on that point than on *comfort* rely.

PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

JEROME K. JEROME.

DAYLIGHT was fading. The Stranger, finding it impossible to read the name of the street, approached the constable.

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind telling me my way to Bloomsbury Square?"

"This is Bloomsbury Square. What number might you be wanting?"

"Mrs. Pennycherry. Number forty-eight."

"Round to the left, fourth house. Been recommended there?"

"By—by a friend. Thank you very much."

"Ah, guess you won't be calling him that by the end of the week, young—Funny," he added as the Stranger retreated. "Seen plenty of the other sex as looked young behind and old in front. This cove looks young in front and old behind. Guess he'll look old all round if he stops long at mother Pennycherry's, stingy old cat."

When the Stranger rang her bell, Mrs. Pennycherry opened the door. The Stranger bowed and there came to Mrs. Pennycherry a rush of old sensations long forgotten. She saw herself an amiable, well-bred lady, widow of a solicitor: a visitor had called to see her.

"Someone has recommended me to you," said Mrs. Pennycherry; "may I ask who?"

"You might not remember—him. You can take me in?"

Mrs. Pennycherry thought she could.

"A room to sleep in—with food and drink sufficient for a man, is all that I require."

"For breakfast, I always give——"

"What is right and proper, I am convinced."

"At all events you will see the room, before we discuss terms."

"Certainly. I am a little tired and shall be glad to rest there."

Mrs. Pennycherry led the way upward; on the landing of the third floor, paused a moment undecided, then opened the door of the back bedroom.

"It is very comfortable," commended the Stranger.

"For this room I have generally asked four pounds a week. To you—seeing you have been recommended here, say three pounds ten."

"Dear lady, that is kind of you. As you have divined, I am not a rich man."

"Gas, of course, extra."

"Of course."

"Coals——"

"We shall not quarrel. You have been very considerate to me. I feel I can leave myself entirely in your hands."

Mrs. Pennycherry turned to depart. And at this point it was that she behaved in a manner she herself, five minutes earlier in her career, would have deemed impossible.

"Did I say three pound ten?" she demanded.

"You were kind enough to reduce it to that amount."

"I was making a mistake, it should have been two pound ten."

"I cannot—I will not accept such sacrifice."

"Two pound ten are my terms. If you are bent on paying more, you can go elsewhere. You'll find plenty to oblige you."

The Stranger held out his hand, and to Mrs. Pennycherry, at

that moment, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to take it as if it had been the hand of an old friend.

* * * * * *

Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, assembled after dinner in the drawing-room, discussed the Stranger.

"Not what I call a smart young man," was the opinion of Augustus Longcord.

"Thpeaking for mythelf," commented his partner Isidore, "hav'n'th any uthe for the thmart young man."

"Well, it made me feel good just looking at him," declared Miss Kite, the highly-colored. "It was his clothes, I suppose."

"It would be clothes that would make you think—if anything," drawled the handsome Miss Devine.

"Myself, I must confess," shouted her father, the Colonel, "I found him a fool."

"I noticed you seemed to be getting on very well together," purred his wife.

"Possibly we were. Fate has accustomed me to the society of fools."

"Isn't it a pity to start quarreling immediately after dinner," suggested their daughter; "you'll have nothing left to amuse you for the rest of the evening."

"He didn't strike me as a conversationalist," said the lady who was cousin to a baronet; "but he did pass the vegetables before he helped himself. A little thing like that shows breeding."

The Stranger entered the room.

The Colonel, securing the evening paper, retired into a corner. The highly-colored Kite, reaching down from the mantelpiece a paper fan, held it coyly before her face. Miss Devine rearranged her skirts.

"What's going to pull off the Lincoln handicap?" asked Augustus. "Tell me, and I'll go out straight and put my shirt upon it."

"I think you would act unwisely," smiled the Stranger; "I am

not an authority upon the subject," evidently unaware that he was being chaffed.

Augustus and Isidore passed out to go to the theater.

"Are you staying long in London?" asked Miss Kite.

"I do not know. It depends."

"Sit down," commanded Miss Kite. "Tell me about yourself." Miss Kite adopted a pretty authoritative air towards all youthful-looking members of the opposite sex. It harmonized with the peach complexion and the golden hair.

"I am glad of that."

"You're a very bold boy." Miss Kite lowered her fan, for the purpose of glancing archly over the edge of it, and for the first time encountered the eyes of the Stranger. And then it was that Miss Kite experienced the curious sensation that had troubled Mrs. Pennycherry. It seemed to Miss Kite that she was a cheerful, bright-eyed lady verging on middle age, yet still good-looking in spite of her faded complexion and somewhat thin brown locks. Not hampered, as Miss Kite herself was, by the necessity of appearing to be somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two, this other Miss Kite could talk sensibly, even brilliantly. A thoroughly "nice" woman this other Miss Kite. "I'm going to bed." Miss Kite rose. The paper fan somehow got itself broken. She threw the fragments into the fire.

"It is early yet," pleaded the Stranger. "I was looking forward to a talk with you."

"Well, you'll be able to look forward to it. Good-night."

"You seem to have frightened away Miss Kite," remarked the lady who was cousin to a baronet.

"It seems so."

"My cousin, Sir William Bosster, cannot understand my remaining here. 'My dear Emily'—he says, 'how can you exist among the sort of people one meets with in a boarding-house?' But they amuse me," and, glancing up, she met the Stranger's gaze. "I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I am afraid sometimes I bore people."

The polite Stranger refrained from contradiction.

"You see, I really am of good family."

"Dear lady, your gentle face, your gentle voice, your gentle bearing, all proclaim it."

"How foolish of me. Why, of course—people whose opinion is worth troubling about—judge of you by what you are, not by what you go about saying you are. I am the widow of a provincial doctor, with an income of just two hundred and thirty pounds per annum. The sensible thing for me to do is to make the best of it, and to worry myself about these high and mighty relations of mine as little as they have ever worried themselves about me. I have other connections, those of my poor husband, to whom instead of being the 'poor relation' I could be the fairy god-mamma. They are my people—or would be, if I wasn't a vulgar snob," and, rising, commenced preparations for a hurried departure.

"Now it seems I am driving you away."

"Having been called a 'vulgar snob,' I think it about time I went."

"The words were your own."

"Whatever I may have thought, no lady would have called herself"—she paused, bewildered, and wished the Stranger good-night.

"Tell me," laughed Miss Devine at the piano, "how did you get rid so quickly of those two old frumps?"

"How well you play," observed the Stranger. "I knew you had genius for music the moment I saw you."

"How could you tell?"

"It is written so clearly in your face."

"You seem to have lost no time in studying my face."

"It is a beautiful and interesting face."

She swung round sharply on the stool and their eyes met.

"What else do you read in my face?"

"Frankness, courage——"

"Tell me the reverse side."

"I see no reverse side."

"You read no trace of greed, of vanity, of sordidness, of—and you are a reader of faces!"

"A reader of faces. Do you know what is written upon yours at this very moment? A love of truth that is almost fierce, scorn of lies, scorn of hypocrisy, the desire for all things pure, contempt of all things that are contemptible. Tell me, do I not read aright?"

I wonder, thought the girl, does everyone feel ashamed of the littleness that is in them when looked at by those clear, believing eyes of yours?

"Papa seemed to have a good deal to say to you during dinner."

"The military looking gentleman upon my left? We talked about your mother principally."

"I am sorry. I was hoping he might have chosen another topic for the first evening!"

"He did try one or two, but I have been about the world so little, I was glad when he talked to me about himself. He spoke so nicely, too, about Mrs. Devine."

"Indeed."

"He told me he had been married for twenty years, and yet even here, he and your mother are generally referred to as 'Darby and Joan.'"

"Yes, that is true. Mr. Longcord gave them that name. It was considered clever—but rather obvious, I thought, myself."

"You two are engaged in a very absorbing conversation," observed the Colonel, approaching them.

"We were discussing Darbies and Joans," explained his daughter. "How beautiful is the love that has weathered the storms of life!"

"Ah!" smiled the Colonel, "that is hardly fair. My friend has been repeating to cynical youth the confessions of an amorous husband's affection for his middle-aged and somewhat—" The Colonel in playful mood laid his hand upon the Stranger's shoulder, an action that necessitated his looking straight into the

Stranger's eyes. The Colonel drew himself up stiffly and turned scarlet.

Somebody was calling the Colonel a cad. Not the Stranger, his lips had not moved. The Colonel looked from the Stranger to his daughter, from his daughter back to the Stranger. Clearly they had not heard the voice—but no gentleman would be forever wrangling with his wife.

Mrs. Devine was coming slowly across the room. Fear laid hold of the Colonel. She was going to address some aggravating remark to him which would irritate him into savage retort. Even this idiot of a Stranger would understand why boarding-house wits had dubbed them "Darby and Joan."

"My dear," cried the Colonel, "does not this room strike you as cold? Let me fetch you a shawl."

It had been long the custom of both of them to preface with politeness their deadliest insults to each other.

Mrs. Devine looked at the Stranger.

"Thank you, if it isn't troubling you, Harry," she said. "I left it in the dining-room."

Mr. Augustus Longcord explained to his partner Isidore. "Give me a man, who can take care of himself—or thinks he can, and I am prepared to give a good account of myself. But when a helpless baby refuses even to look at what you call your figures, tells you that your mere word is sufficient for him, and hands you over his cheque-book to fill up for yourself—well, it isn't playing the game."

"Auguthuth, you're a fool."

"All right, my boy, you try."

"Jutht what I mean to do."

"Well," demanded Augustus, meeting Isidore after a long talk with the Stranger.

"Oh, don't arth me, thilly ath, thath what he ith."

"What did he say?"

"Talked about the Jewth: what a grand rathe they were—how people mithjudged them: all that thort of rot. Thaid thome of

the motht honorable men he had ever met had been Jewth. Thought I wath one of 'em!"

"Well, did you get anything out of him?"

"Get anything out of him. Of courthe not. Couldn't very well thell the whole rathe, ath it were, for a couple of hundred poundth, after that. Didn't theem worth it."

* * * * * *

There were many things Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square came gradually to the conclusion were not worth the doing. Grumbling at one's food; abusing Pennycherry behind her back; sneering at one's fellow-boarders; talking scandal of one's fellow-boarders; making senseless jokes about one's fellow-boarders; talking big about oneself. Other boarding-houses might indulge in these vulgarities—Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square had its dignity to consider.

Mrs. Pennycherry, the Stranger would persist in regarding as a lady born and bred—a sort of foster-mother, to whom were due the thanks and gratitude of her promiscuous family. A lady cannot charge other ladies and gentlemen for coals and candles they have never burnt. A mere lodging-house-keeper can play these tricks, and pocket the profits, but Mrs. Pennycherry felt she no longer could.

To the Stranger, Miss Kite was a witty and delightful conversationalist of most attractive personality. Miss Kite was unaware of her own delicate and refined beauty. One evening, an hour before dinner, there entered the drawing-room, when the Stranger only was there and before the gas was lighted, a pleasant, good-looking lady, somewhat pale, with neatly-arranged brown hair, who demanded of the Stranger if he knew her. All her body was trembling and her voice seemed inclined to run away from her and become a sob. But when the Stranger, looking straight into her eyes, told her that from the likeness he thought she must be Miss Kite's younger sister, but much prettier, it became a laugh instead; and that evening the golden-haired Miss Kite disappeared never to show her high-colored face again; and, what more than

all else, might have impressed some former habitue of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with awe, it was that no one in the house made even a passing inquiry concerning her.

Sir William's cousin the Stranger thought an acquisition to any boarding-house. Unconsciously she set a high-class tone, diffused an atmosphere of gentle manners.

For Mr. Longcord and his partner, as representatives of the best type of business men, the Stranger had a great respect. The curious thing is that the firm appeared content with the price they paid for the Stranger's good opinion—even acquired a taste for honest men's respect.

The Colonel and Mrs. Devine both suffered a good deal at first. In the privacy of their own apartment they condoled with one another.

"Tomfool nonsense," grumbled the Colonel, "you and I starting billing and cooing at our age!"

"What I object to," said Mrs. Devine, "is the feeling that somehow I am being made to do it."

"Women will be women," was the sentiment with which the Colonel consoled himself. "A man must bear with them—must never forget that he is a gentleman."

"Oh, well, I suppose they're all alike," laughed Mrs. Devine to herself. "What's the use of putting oneself out—it does no good, and only upsets one."

Colonel and Mrs. Devine came to enjoy the luxury of self-approbation.

But the person seriously annoyed by the Stranger's belief in the innate goodness of everyone was the handsome Miss Devine. The Stranger would have it that Miss Devine was a noble-souled, high-minded young woman. Miss Devine knew herself to be a sleek, luxury-loving animal, quite willing to sell herself to the bidder who could offer her the finest clothes, the richest foods, the most sumptuous surroundings. Such a bidder was at hand in the person of a retired bookmaker, a somewhat greasy old gentleman, but exceedingly rich and undoubtedly fond of her.

Miss Devine, having made up her mind that the thing had got to be done, was anxious that it should be done quickly. A dozen times she determined to end the matter by formal acceptance of her elderly admirer's large and flabby hand, and a dozen times—the vision intervening of the Stranger's grave, believing eyes—had she refused decided answer.

One afternoon the Stranger entered the room where she was standing by the window.

"I have come to say good-bye. I am going. I wish you every joy—the joy of love, the joy of a happy marriage."

The girl winced. "Love and marriage are not always the same thing."

"Not always, but in your case they will be one."

She looked at him.

"Do you think I have not noticed a gallant, handsome lad, and clever? You love him and he loves you."

"Ah, yes, I love him. But one does not live on love. I will tell you the man I am going to marry. The man who can give me all my soul's desire—money and the things that money can buy. You think me a woman, I'm only a pig. He is good enough for me."

It irritated her to hear him laugh.

"No, you will not marry him."

"Who will stop me?"

"Your Better Self. There are those whose Better Self lies slain by their own hand and troubles them no more. But yours, my child, you have let grow too strong; it will ever be your master. Flee from it and it will follow you. Insult it and it will chastise you with burning shame. You will marry your lover. With him you will walk the way of sunlight and of shadow."

And the girl, looking up into the strong, calm face, knew that it would be so.

Then softly the Stranger closed the door.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE SERMON.

SPEAKER PRESENT: MINISTER.
CONGREGATION: Supposed to be present.

DEAR Friends, Neighbors, and Members of my Congregation: The subject I have selected for your edification this morning, although of a somewhat difficult and lofty nature, will be found full of instruction. I trust I shall be able fully to explain its mysterious meaning. My text is—

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little boy laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

With regard to the opening line, permit me to remark there is little fault to be found with it.

Hey diddle diddle

seems to be a fair ejaculatory observation that might serve as a fitting prelude to anything; but there is this to be said, it is manifestly designed to rhyme with fiddle, and in this respect is open to the objection that sound logic is sacrificed to expediency. It is easy to see that, if the writer of this rhyme had been about to observe that the cat was in some other musical instrument, he would have led off in the same reckless way. For instance, it is not unlikely he might have said:

Now hark ye, young fellow,
The cat's in the violoncello.

Or again—

Ah, Biddy O'Chone,
The cat's in the trombone.

Or—

Sing ronium ponium,
The cat's in the harmonium.

And so on; still on the whole, Hey diddle diddle does not glaringly outrage the canons of rhymic art.

But when we come to

The cat's in the fiddle,

my beloved hearers, here is a glaring absurdity and a wild impossibility that cannot be too severely condemned. No cat, however small—and it does not even hint at a kitten—could be got into a fiddle, unless in one making; and once there, such is the nature of cats, would never leave off scratching and mewing until the fiddle or the cat was a perfect wreck. The cat may possibly take refuge in a euphonium, or a double bass, or the French horn —instruments that offer accommodation to the domestic cat; but the animal would never think of the fiddle.

Now, in the next place, let us examine this statement of

The cow jumped over the moon.

Now, the cow is, above all things, an unjumping animal. It can bellow or toss; it is fond of kicking over milk-pails, and playfully butting dairymaids; but it does not jump. It can make old men jump with remarkable agility by simply chasing them over a five-acre field; but has never been known to jump over a blackberry hedge after them. How, then, we ask, can we reconcile the assertion of this particular cow jumping over the moon with the stern incontrovertible facts of nature? Besides, it has been settled beyond doubt that the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth—a distance that precludes the faintest possibility of such a jump. So far as we know, the moon has never been known to come down to accommodate that particular cow by giving her a lower jump; but, even if such were the case, the circumference of the moon is such that no reasonable cow would attempt such a leap. Safely, then, it may be concluded that the cow did not jump over the moon; and this portion of the story must be discarded forever.

And yet, again, in the third place,

The little boy laughed to see such sport.

This is not in accordance with common-sense. Here, again, it is in the highest degree impossible. If the little boy laughed at the wanton torture of constructing a fiddle and putting a cat inside, his mind must have been sadly warped, and we can conceive no sadder sight than that little boy cachinnating over the anguish of

an imprisoned pussy; while the cow jumping over the moon must perforce have frightened him into fits.

And lastly, I would remark, we approach the most startling incongruity in all this jumble of nonsense—

The dish ran away with the spoon.

There is no attempt to palter in a double sense; to hint that the dish is a maiden, and the affair an elopement. It is absolutely and unmistakably stated in black and white that the dish ran away with the spoon. Now what is the composition of the domestic dish and the ordinary spoon? Can it—could they ever—severally or individually, separately or conjointly, acting independently of each other or in collusion—could they run away? We have had instances of dishes flying through the air; but they have generally been propelled by an enraged wife, with a view of reaching the head of her offending lord. We have heard, too, of the mysterious disappearance of spoons, when made of silver; but they have invariably gone off in the society of male ruffians with felonious intentions towards them or they have gone off in the society of female souvenir collectors. Place the dish and spoon side by side, and will they in a cycle run? No; not in an eternity. We repeat, therefore, that the idea of the dish running off with the spoon is the most unblushing falsehood, and should no longer be tolerated. It teaches the young mind to look out for the utterly impossible, to hope for the outrageously improbable, to hanker after the intangible and unreal. And such is the effect of the whole of this pernicious rhyme, from the opening to the closing line, from the hey diddle diddle, to the dish and the spoon. If such things are to be written at all, let them be written with an eye to strict accuracy and unassailable fact. Let it run thus—

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat's on the fiddle,
The cow trotted under the moon.
The little boy laughed because he was tickled,
And he ate plum jam with a spoon.

Thus ends this amusing little production, the object of which is evidently to show the absurdity of seriously examining those silly

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[*Exit* MRS. WILLOUGHBY *with overwhelming dignity. Enter* MISS SYLPH, *a flower from Madison Square Garden.*]

Dear me, who is that butterfly of fashion? She's kept me waiting long enough. I didn't dare to sit down, these togs do wrinkle so. Is your process instantaneous? I want to poise on one foot —you know, like that antique messenger boy—what was his name? Never mind racking your brain for it. I can't stand more than three hours on three toes, you know, so just fly around. How's this? All right? Go ahead. Over? Well, I am relieved! Let me tell you, I've a gorgeous dress for the next ballet. I'll come around and pose for you as a summer's day or something. You can get it copyrighted and make your fortune. Mind you don't forget my royalties, though. Send for the costume? Oh no, I'll bring it around in—my purse. Ha, ha! Ta, ta—ta, ta!

[*Enter* MOLLIE GRIFFIN, *fresh from school.*]

Oh, Mr. Bolton, do take my picture as soon as you can. I've to make a Philopena present, and the only unique thing I can think of is to have a five-dollar piece cut and my picture painted on the inside. Of course, I must get a good photo first. Do you suppose I can stop laughing long enough? I want something awfully piquant—like this. Oh, dear, I never can keep my face straight. Wait a minute until I get serious. Now—no, not yet! Do tell me something pathetic. Do you know, I believe it is that camera pointed at me like a miniature cannon that upsets me so. Can't you take my picture with something else? No? Oh, dear, now I'll try. May I wink? Have you taken it? Oh, I am glad. Now I can laugh all I like once more. When can I have the proofs? Hurry them, won't you? I'm so much obliged. Good-bye!

May I come in?

[*Enter* BRIDGET MALONE.]

Luk at that now. Ain't she the swatest young thing? Shure,

an' if yez can't make a purty picture o' her, yez can't o' me. Now, how long will it take yez to put Bridget Malone in a photograph? Sit down? To be shure I'll sit down, an' what do yez suppose I want to sthand up for? Howld sthill? As sthill as iver I can. Och! An' what be yez stickin' in the back o' my head? To kape me stidy? Perhaps yez be afther thinkin' I'm too fable to howld up me own head. Luk at that card? The loikes o' that? Faith an' ye moight give me a respectable appearin' gintleman to luk at. Is it over? Shure an' that was aisy. Well, an' how long will you kape me a-waitin' for the loikness? Two wakes? Ye don't mane that? Bless me sowl, I must disappint Patsy, the darlint (me cousint). I'm afther lavin' him on the corner thinkin' as how I'd bring the picture in a minute. Two wakes? Well, I niver heard the loikes o' that. Good-day to yez! Good-day to yez!

* * * * * *

Half-past three! Mrs. Simpson is due with the baby. Experience had painfully taught Bolton that babies require peculiarly entertaining surroundings when being photographed. He had, accordingly, armed himself with a tin whistle, a highly colored doll that had manifestly resented being danced up and down repeatedly by one of its arms or legs, a fascinating jumping-jack, and a rattle-box that was warranted to bewilder and absorb the most perverted infantile imagination. On Mrs. Simpson's appearance with a precious pink and white bundle, Bolton eyed his treasure and took courage.

I should have come yesterday, it was so sunshiny, but baby was teething, and I was afraid the darling would worry. You know how dreadful teething is? The precious pet is three months old, and it's perfectly marvelous how he can talk. Now mamma's cunnin' love, tell the gemplum oo name.

"Adle, adle, adle, adle."

He says his name is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Simpson. There, there, 'et mamma wife 'is mouth, sweetest mouth that ever lived. Now tell the gemplum where papa is.

"Adle, adle, adle."

He says his papa's gone to Boston. Isn't that wonderful? Now when is papa coming back? There's a darlin'!

"Adle, adle, adle goo—oooo."

He says papa's comin' home to-night. Mamma's blessed! Do you know, I'm so afraid the child won't live that I often can't sleep from anxiety. Such bright children are so hard to raise. Now I think I'd better hold him—the treasure, don't you, Mr. Bolton. If it turns out well, I mean to have a crayon made for Mr. Simpson's Christmas. There, there, my precious lamb, don't oo cry, don't, don't. Look at the lovely man jumpin', jumpin' for the baby! There, there. Now isn't he the sweetest 'ittle thing! Do take it! Quick, Mr. Bolton! It's taken!

[*The prodigy is bundled off.* BOLTON *sighs with relief and mentally consigns himself to celibacy.*]

HIS SISTER, HIS COUSIN, AND HIS PANTS.

HARRIET FORD.

There was a man in Allentown, and he was wondrous wise;
He bought a bran new pair of pants of somewhat extra size;
And thus he said unto his wife, who was a new-made bride,
"These trousers shorten, please, an inch," to which she thus replied:
"I am no tailoress, indeed!" and tossed her pretty head.
"Whew!" he whistled; "well, I guess the tailor can," he said,
And then he left. Repentant grown, his wife took up the pants,
Cut off an inch, and went to bed; then came her husband's aunts,
His mother, and his sister, and his cousin, one by one,
Who heard the wife's rebellious words to nephew, brother, son;
And each an inch cut from those pants of nephew, son, and brother
Who took them to the tailor and had him cut off another.
And when he put those trousers on he made some pretty speeches;
He was the maddest, maddest man that ever wore knee-breeches!

MISSION OF BOOKS.

(Dedication of Carnegie Library.)

Edith Putnam Painton.

WHAT can we give the public mind
To raise up stronger, better men?
How shall we gratify mankind,
Who calls for light beyond its ken?
How shall we give the yearning youth
The culture that his soul desires?
How shall we teach him endless truth,
With all that knowledge that inspires?

He toils each day to earn his bread,
For needs ahead his pittance saves;
O'er menial tasks he bows his head,
(For how much more than bread he craves?)
No hope ahead his darkness finds,
As, but a brother to the sod,
He knows no food for human minds,
When Fate has marked him for a clod.

But lo—a light breaks in his sky,—
He looks up eagerly to see,—
One ray of hope is drawing nigh,
The gift of Andrew Carnegie.
Books, noble books, a whole world's lore
Is opened to his famished eye,
He never dreamed of this before,
As, toil-engulfed, his days passed by.

No longer now a human clod,
No longer friendless, poor or lone,
His soul has found a path to God
His ancestors have never known;
The master-minds of ages past
All great, all noble, and all wise,
Are now his friends, and friends that last
Till all that's mortal in us dies.

He learns of beauties all unguessed,
That lie around him every day;
And gathers to his wakened breast
All nature's blooms along the way.
The sunset now he sees with eyes
So changed they scarcely seem his own,
The moonlight on his spirit lies
A benediction from the throne.

He passes now his leisure hours
  In company so grand and true,
That he, too, wakes to higher powers
  Within him, than he ever knew.
He learns to know himself; he tries
  The very best in him to give,
He bids the God in him arise,
  For he has learned the way to live.

His solitude no longer seems
  The thing to dread he once had known;
He lives within a world of dreams
  That leaves him nevermore alone.
In sympathy with all that is,
  A brother to the world he feels,
For all earth's greatest gifts are his,
  Entwined with life's supreme ideals.

He looks back on his former state
  As on some other's, not his own;
He, too, may yet be truly great,—
  Greatness is not for wealth alone.
He means to climb up toward a goal
  A man among men, great, not small;
He has grown conscious of a soul—
  Life is worth living after all.

Give, then, the poor no charity,
  Lest it should lower, and not lift;
Teach them the richer rarity
  Of fuller lives, and God's best gift.
Teach them to raise themselves above
  The petty levels of their sphere,
Show them a world they know not of,
  That lies around us all so near.

Help them commune with master-minds
  That lift them from their sordid cares;
Bring them the joy the student finds,
  And life will brighten unawares.
And when no longer, poor and blind,
  Their eyes are opened and they see,
Life's richest blessings may they find
  Unlocked by Andrew Carnegie.

ROW, ROW!

Row, row, row your boat lightly down the stream,—
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

FRESHMAN'S BOLD PLUNGE.

(Parody on "Song of the Shirt.")

ONE more unfortunate
Poor Freshman wight,
Rash and importunate,
Gone to recite!

Question him tenderly,
Bore him with care,
Fashioned so slenderly;
Tutor, beware!
See his lips quivering,
See his limbs shivering,
While the sweat constantly
Falls on his clothing:
Question him patiently,
Loving, not loathing.

Frown not so scornfully,
Speak to him mournfully,
Not so reprovingly.
Mark that surprise of his,
See those sad eyes of his
Gleaming so lovingly.
Make no deep scrutiny,
Stir up no mutiny:
Wild and unfortunate;
Hear his excuses,
His trembling excuses,
Be not importunate.

Ha! that last slip of his
Makes him look tearfully;
See that poor lip of his,
Bitten so fearfully!
Raise up his spirit

Crushed by his fear,
His dark, gloomy spirit;
While everyone wonders
How the deuce he came here.

Was it his father
(Who wished his own son to be
A mighty great scholar
And hope of his country),
Or was it his mother,
His fond, doting mother,
Who wrought this calamity?

Alas for the rarity
Of scholastic charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole seat a-full,
Friend he had none!
No one to whisper a word of
encouragement
Into his ear; or
To help his half-crazed intent;
Or, when he is "tight,"
(Stuck fast in translating,
And waiting—and waiting—)
To set him aright!

Not the autumn's bleak winds
Set him trembling and shaking;
Neither tempest nor night
Could thus urge him to quaking.
Maddened by history,
Glad from Greek mystery
Soon to be whirled
Anywhere—anywhere—
Out of the world!

In he plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The Greek river ran
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
  Ye Freshman clan!
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then—and you can!

Question him tenderly,
  Bore him with care,
Fitted so slenderly;
  Tutor, beware!

JIM FENTON'S WEDDING.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

(From "Seven Oaks.")

JIM'S wedding morning had arrived. He had had an uneasy night, with preposterous dreams. He had been pursuing game. Sometimes a bear attracted his chase, sometimes a deer, sometimes a moose, but all the time it was Miss Butterworth, flying and looking back, with robes and ribbons vanishing among the distant trees, until he shot and killed her, and then he woke in despair, to hear the singing of birds, and to the realization that his days of bachelor life were counted.

Mr. Benedict and Harry occupied the room next to Jim's. Both were busy with whispered confidences, when they became aware that Jim was on his feet. In a huge bundle on the table lay Jim's wedding garments, which he eyed as he busied himself at his toilet.

"Won't ye be a purty bird with them feathers on! This makin' crows into bobolinks'll do for oncet, but, my! won't them things spin when I git into the woods agin? Oh, lay down, lay down, lay *down*, ye misable old mop!"

"What's the matter, Jim?" Mr. Benedict called.

"Here's my har," responded Jim, "actin' as if it was a piece o' woods or a hay lot, an' there ain't no lodgin' it with nothin' short of a harricane. I've a good mind to git it shingled an' san'-papered. Oh, stick up, stick up, if you want to! Don't lay down on my 'count. P'rhaps ye want to see what's goin' on. P'rhaps ye're goin' to stand up with me. P'rhaps ye want to skeer somebody's hosses. If I didn't look no better nor you, I sh'd want to lay low; an', if I'd 'a slep' as poor as ye did last night, I'd lop down in the fust bed o' bear's grease I could find. *Hain't* ye got no manners?"

Harry burst into laughter. This furnished Jim with the apology he wanted for a frolic. He rushed into the bed-room, pulled Harry from bed, seated him on top of his head, and marched with him struggling and laughing about the room. Then he returned to his room, and entered seriously upon the task of arraying himself in wedding attire. To get on collar and necktie properly, he was obliged to call Mr. Benedict.

"What on arth folks want to tie theirselves up in this way for in hot weather, is more nor I know," he said. "How de ye s'pose them Mormons live, as is doin' this thing every three days? I vow, if I was doin' a big business in this line, I'd git some tin things, an' have 'em soddered on, an' sleep in 'em."

When Benedict and Harry had completed their toilet, they looked in on Jim, and found him dressed and seated on his trunk.

"Good morning, Mr. Fenton," said Benedict, cheerfully.

Jim, who had been in deep thought, looked up, and said:

"Do ye know that that don't seem so queer to me as it used to? It seems all right fur pertickler friends to call me Jim, but clo'es is what puts the 'Mister' into a man. I felt it comin' when I looked into the glass. Says I to myself: 'Jim, that's Fenton as is now afore ye. Look at 'im sharp, so that, if so be ye ever seen 'im agin, ye'll know 'im.' I never knowed exactly where the Mister come from afore. Ye have to be measured for't. A pair o' shears, an' a needle an' thread, an' a hot goose is what changes a man into a Mister."

* * * * * *

There was great excitement at the parsonage that morning. Miss Butterworth was not to step out of her room—not be seen by mortal eye—until she should come forth as bride.

"Make just as big a fool of me, my dear, as you choose," said the prospective bride to the fussy little girl who fluttered about her. "It's only for a day, and I don't care."

Before the finishing touches to the toilet were given, there was a tumult at the door. Guests were arriving. Miss Butterworth heard laughter and merry greetings; then a hush, followed by sound of a carriage, letting down of steps, and a universal murmur. Jim had arrived. He came up, smiling into the faces of those gathered around the door and clustered at the windows. On entering, he saw the well-dressed and expectant company, dainty baskets of flowers, bountifully loaded table, all the preparations for his day of happiness, but he saw nowhere the person who gave to him the significance of the occasion.

"Well, parson, where's the little woman?" he said, in a voice so loud that all heard the startling question. Miss Snow, in the general character of outside manager, hurried to Jim's side and said:

"Oh, Mr. Fenton!"

"Jest call me Jim."

"No, no, I won't. Now, Mr. Fenton, really! you can't see her until she is ready!"

"Oh, can't I!"

"Now, really, Mr. Fenton, you *must* be patient," she urged. "She is going to look so pretty that you'll hardly know her."

"Well," said Jim, "if you've got a ticket into the place whar she's stoppin', tell her that kingdom-come is here an' waitin'."

A ripple of laughter went around. Jim beckoned Mr. Snow out of doors. Removing his hat, he said:

"Parson, do you see my har?"

"I do."

"That riz last night."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, riz in a dream. I thought I'd shot 'er. I was follerin' 'er all night. Sometimes she was one thing, an' sometimes another, but I drew a bead on 'er, an' down she went, an' up come my har quicker nor lightnin'. I don't suppose it looks very purty, but I can't help it."

"Have you tried anything on it?"

"Yis, everything but a hot flat-iron, an' I'm a little afraid o' that. If wust comes to wust, it'll have to be did, though. It may warm up my old brains a little, but if my har is well sprinkled, an' the thing is handled lively, it'll pay for tryin'. Parson, what's the damage for the sort o' thing ye're drivin' at this mornin'?"

"The what?"

"The damage—what's the—well—damage? What do ye consider a fa'r price?"

"Do you mean the marriage fee?"

"Yes, I guess that's what ye call it."

"The law allows us two dollars, but you will permit me to perform the ceremony for nothing. It's a labor of love, Mr. Fenton. We are all very much interested in Miss Butterworth."

"Well, I'm a little interested in 'er myself, an' I'm a goin' to pay for the splice. Jest tuck that X into yer jacket, an' tell yer neighbors as ye've seen a man as was five times better nor the law."

Miss Snow came out and whispered to her father, and gave a roguish glance at Jim. The house was full, the little yard was full, and a crowd of boys at the gate. Mr. Snow took Jim by the arm and led him in. They disappeared in the apartment where "the little woman," flushed and expectant, waited their arrival.

"Well, little woman, how fare ye?" said Jim, taking her cheeks tenderly between his rough hands, and kissing her.

"Oh, don't! Mr. Fenton! You'll muss her hair!" exclaimed the nervous little lady's-maid of the morning, dancing about, and readjusting a rose, and pulling out the fold of a ruffle.

"A purty job ye've made on't! The little woman'll never look so nice agin," said Jim.

"Perhaps I shall—when I'm married again," said Miss Butterworth, looking into Jim's eyes, and laughing.

"Now, ain't that sassy!" exclaimed Jim, in a burst of admiration. "That's what took me the first time I seen 'er."

Then Miss Snow Number Two came in, and said it was time for the ceremony. "Mr. Fenton, take Miss Butterworth on your arm, and lead her in front of the sofa, and turn around, and face father, and then do just what he tells you."

"Are we all ready?" inquired Mr. Snow.

All were ready, and Mr. Snow was followed by Jim and his bride.

When the pastor inquired if there were any known obstacles to the union of the pair in bonds of holy matrimony, and bade all objectors to speak, or forever after hold their peace, Jim looked around with a defiant air, as if he would like to see the man who dared respond. No one did respond.

"James," said Mr. Snow.

"Jest call me——"

Miss Butterworth pinched Jim's arm, in time to arrest his sentence in mid-passage.

"James," the pastor repeated, and then went on to ask him whether he took the woman to be his lawful and wedded wife, to be loved and cherished in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity, cleaving to her, and to her only.

"Parson," said Jim, "that's jest what I'm here for."

Then Miss Butterworth was questioned and bowed her response, and Jim and the "little woman" were declared to be one. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

WHY THEY DO NOT SPEAK NOW.

HE. Did you see that?

SHE. What?

HE. Mary Screamer and Clara Highnote, once the best of friends, just passed each other without speaking.

SHE. That's not strange—they both belong to the same choir now.

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HOW NOT TO PAY BILLS.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[From "The Lancers: An Interlude."]

CRUSTY, the landlord; BELTON, LENOX, and PETER discovered.

CRUSTY. And now, gentlemen, as we're beginning a new arrangement, we'll settle the former one at once, if you please. [*Feeling in his pocket.*] I have supplied you with everything for the last fortnight; and, as I have a little bill to make up, should be very glad of your assistance. [*Hands the bill.*]

BEL. Upon my word, sir, you are too complimentary. In making up a bill, I know of no gentleman who stands so little in need of assistance as yourself. [*Going to take bill.*]

LEN. Stop, Belton! [*Making sign to him.*] Allow me—it does not concern you——

BEL. How so?

LEN. You know 'tis my turn to pay, this month.

BEL. Not it; you paid last.

LEN. [*To* CRUSTY.] Don't mind a word he says.

CRU. Oh! 'tis all one to me which pays.

BEL. [*Twirling him to his side.*] But not to me, Mr. Crusty.

LEN. [*Twirling him to his own side.*] Mr. Crusty, if you take his money, we shall quarrel.

CRU. I consent to take yours.

BEL. [*Pulling him by arm.*] I insist on it, you shall not.

LEN. [*Turning him.*] I insist on it, you shall.

CRU. And I insist on having my money from one or the other.

LEN. [*Stiffly.*] Mr. Belton, I forbid you to pay that bill.

BEL. [*In same tone.*] Mr. Lenox, I forbid you to pay that bill.

CRU. The devil you do! Where's my money to come from, then?

LEN. This is my tenth quarrel with him on the same point. He never has his hand out of his pocket.

CRU. Pray, then, let him take it out for me.

BEL. Do you think I'll suffer you to be always saddling yourself with my expenses?

CRU. Come, now, submit this time. See how it annoys him to be prevented.

LEN. This is beyond endurance!

BEL. Really, I could not have expected any man in his senses to be so absurd.

LEN. Absurd! I beg, sir, you will be less unguarded in your expressions!—Absurd!

CRU. Gentlemen, gentlemen, pray don't quarrel——

LEN. It would seem, indeed, as if I could not pay my own debts but must look to him for the means! Your presumption can be compared—to nothing—sir——

BEL. But your vaingloriousness!

CRU. Come, come, make an end of this.

LEN. Yes, Mr. Crusty, it shall have an end. [*With great earnestness.*] Peter, break the buttons off those foils.

BEL. Ay, Peter, leave the points sharp enough.

CRU. [*Terrified.*] Gentlemen, surely you will not attempt——

LEN. Attempt? Sir, we will do.

PET. [*Aside.*] They'll *do* the landlord, at any rate.

BEL. Oh, don't be alarmed, sir, 'twill be over in a minute.

LEN. And the survivor will pay your bill.

CRU. The survivor! Dear gentlemen—good gentlemen—if you insist on killing one another, for mercy's sake, go somewhere else. 'Twill be very inconvenient to have you die here! Wouldn't it be better to make a drawn battle of it, and each pay half?

LEN. All or nothing. We have gone too far for a compromise. Stand back! give us room!

BEL. [*To* CRUSTY.] Farther off. That's no place for a second.

PET. [*Places a chair.*] There, sir, there's a chair with its arm outspreading, to receive you.

CRU. No, no—I'll not quit your side—I'll part you, and be paid——

LEN. I defy you!

BEL. Out of the way, or take the consequences.

CRU. Pray, gentlemen, think of my character—think of my carpet.

LEN. [*Assuming great coolness and decision.*] Mr. Crusty, be calm. I have been insulted—but, though I know what is due to honor, I know too well what is due to you——

CRU. Ay, now you talk sensibly. [*Holding out his hand.*]

LEN. And I, therefore, choose the only consistent course remaining. [*Crosses to table, gravely takes up* BELTON'S *coat and puts it on.*]

BEL. [*Aside to him.*] Hang it, what are you about? Don't take my coat.

LEN. [*Aside to* BELTON.] Don't be a fool. Don't let him know we've only one coat between us. [*Aloud.*] And now, Mr. Belton, feeling, as I do—as I do, what honor exacts, I rely on your remembering it elsewhere, sir. [*Takes* BELTON'S *sword and hat.*]

BEL. [*Aside.*] My hat and sword, too! Confusion!

LEN. [*To* CRUSTY.] And you, most respectable of your race, no language can express the extent of my esteem for you; but if you dare to take his money, sir, be certain not even that esteem shall prevent my cropping both your ears. [*Exit, slamming door after him.*]

BEL. And let me warn you, sir, if you dare suffer him to pay —my sword shall let the daylight through your body. [*Dashes into his chamber, and, slamming door, locks it after him.*]

CRU. Mad! both mad! What shall I do? Perhaps I shall be able to manage him better by myself.—Sir!—Sir!—[*Knocks at door.*]

PET. [*Aside.*] If I stop he may turn upon me.

CRU. Was ever a landlord the victim of such punctiliousness?

MRS. WATTS. Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. Mrs. Johnson's stair-rails are clean and as smooth as glass.

MARY ANN. Yis, mum. But she has t'ree small boys.

WHAT TEMPERANCE DID FOR ME.

MY story, marm? Well, really, now, I have not much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed;
Now look into the larder, marm,—there's sugar, flour, and tea;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer;
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can be;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low,
And he didn't like to meet the folks that once he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free;
And this is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling through the street,
With scarcely clothing on their backs, and nothing on their feet;
But now they've shoes and stockings and garments, as you see;
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stopped their play;
But now when supper-time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic around his chair, the baby climbs his knee;
And this is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are over now of sorrow and of pain;
The children have their father back, and I my John again!
I pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of joy, to see
How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning, when he goes to work, I upward look and say:
"O Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day;"
And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee
For what the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

SPELLING-MATCH.

TEN little children, standing in a line,
"F-u-l-y, fully," then there were nine.
Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.
Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven,
"B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.
Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix,
"L-a-i-d-y, lady," then there were six.
Six eager darlings, determined each to strive,
"D-u-t-i-e, duty," then there were five.
Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-c-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.
Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-y, merry," then there were three.
Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-e-y, only," then there were two.
Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
"T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.
One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,
"H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

WHO SENT THE FLOWERS?

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said.
She smiled and blushed and drooped her head.
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night;
You're sending the flowers proved that you were right—
Forgive me." But as they walked and talked beneath the bowers
He wondered who the deuce sent her those flowers.

REINCARNATION.

DAVID BANKS SICKELS.

IT cannot be that He who made
  This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade
  And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
  And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
  Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
  Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
  No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire,
  And struggle onward to achieve,
And every unattained desire
  Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that, after all
  The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
  And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
  And hopes that time has swept away,—
All that enthralled this mortal frame,—
  Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
  Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
  And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
  At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
  The pilgrimage to Paradise.

SOLDIERS WITH BRUTUS.

EUGENE FIELD.

TO-DAY, while walking in the square, Jack Langlishe says to me:
"My friend, the drama nowadays ain't what it used to be!
These farces and these comedies—how feebly they compare
With that mantle of the tragic art that Forrest used to wear!
My soul is warped with bitterness to think that you and I—
Co-heirs to immortality in seasons long gone by—
Now draw a paltry stipend from a Boston comic show,
We, who were Roman soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!"

We were by birth descended from a race of farmer kings
Who had done eternal battle with grasshoppers and things;
But the Kansas farms grew tedious—we pined for that delight
We read of in the *Clipper* in the barber's shop by night!
We would be actors, Jack and I, and so we stole away
From our native spot, Wathena, one dull September day,
And started for Missouri—ah, little did we know
We were going to train as soldiers with Brutus in St. Jo!

We wheeled and filed and double-quicked wherever Brutus led,
The folks applauding what we did as much as what he said;
'Twas work, indeed; yet Jack and I were willing to allow
'Twas easier following Brutus than following father's plow;
And at each burst of cheering our valor would increase—
We tramped a thousand miles that night, at fifty cents apiece!
For love of art—not lust of gold—consumed us years ago,
When we were Roman soldiers with Brutus at St. Jo!

Our army numbered three in all—Marc Antony's was four,
Our army hankered after fame, but Marc's was after gore!
And when we reached Phillippi, at the outset we were met
With an inartistic gusto I can never quite forget.

For Antony's overwhelming force of thumpers seemed to be
Resolved to do "them Kansas jays"—and that meant Jack and me!
My lips were sealed, but it seems quite proper you should know
That Rome was nowhere in it at Phillippi in St. Jo!

That army fell upon me in a most bewildering rage,
And scattered me and mine upon that histrionic stage;
My toga rent, my helmet gone and smashed to smithereens,
They picked me up and hove me through whole centuries of scenes!
I sailed through Christian eras and mediæval gloom,
And fell from Arden forest into Juliet's painted tomb!
Oh, yes, I traveled far and fast that night, and I can show
The scars of honest wounds I got with Brutus at St. Jo!

THE PROMISE.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

MURRAY'S mother had never unlaced or unbuttoned him. Always it had been Sheelah, the maid; but to-night, his mother was going to put him to bed. She had promised.

It had come about through his unprecedented wail of grief at parting, when she had gone into the nursery to say good-bye. Perhaps it was because she was to be gone all day; perhaps he was a little lonelier than usual. He was always rather a lonely little boy.

"Why, Murray! Why, you little silly! I'm coming back to-night; I'm only going for the day! Be a good boy and I'll come home before you go to bed! I'll *put* you to bed. We'll have a regular lark!"

Hence he was out on the door-step being good.

"Le's play, Murray," called Daisy, the girl next door. "I can stay half a hour. Le's tag."

"I can't play. I'm being good."

"Oh, my! Can't you be good tagging? Come on."

"No; because you might—*I* might get no-fairing, and then Sheelah'd come out and say I was bad. Le's sit here and talk; it's safer to. What's a lark, Daisy?"

"A—lark? Why, it's a bird, of course!"

"I don't mean the bird kind, but the kind you have when your mother puts you—when something splendid happens."

"Do you mean a good time? We have larks over to my house when we go to bed——"

"That's it! That's the kind! I'm going to have one. Do you have *reg'lar* ones, Daisy?"

"Huh!—chase all 'round the room an' turn somersaults an' be highway robbers?"

Murray gasped. It was difficult to imagine himself chasing 'round the room or being a highwayman; and as for somersaults —he glanced uneasily over his shoulder. Once he had almost turned one and Sheelah had found him in the middle of it and said pointed things.

"It's a reg'lar lark to take the hairpins out of your mother's hair and hide in it. Yes, sir, that's the reg'larest kind!"

Murray gasped again. It took away his breath and made him feel a little dizzy, as if he were *doing it now*—his mother's hair was soft and beautiful and gold-colored, and there was a great deal of it—oh, plenty to hide in. He wanted it to be noon, to be afternoon, to be *night!* The most beautiful time in his monotonous little life was down there at the foot of the day, and he was creeping towards it on the lagging hours.

"Your mamma's gone away, hasn't she? I saw her."

"Yes; but she's coming back to-night. She promised."

"S'posing the cars run off the track so she can't?"

"She'll come."

"S'posing she's killed 'most dead?"

"She'll come."

"*Puffickly* dead—s'posing?"

"When anybody promises, *they do it.* She promised, an' she'll come."

* * * * * *

For her part, it was a busy day. She did her shopping and called on a town friend. In the late afternoon she chanced to meet a woman who was a neighbor of hers in the suburbs.

"Why, Mrs. Cody!" the neighbor cried. "How delightful! You've come in to see Irving, too?"

"No, but I wish I had."

"Not going to stay! Why, it will be *wicked* to go back to-night —unless, of course, you've seen him in Robespierre."

"I haven't. Cicely Howe has been teasing me to stop over and go with her. It's a 'sure-enough' temptation, as Fred says. Fred's away, so that part's all right. Of course, there's Murray, but there's also Sheelah——"

"I guess you'll stop over!" laughed the neighbor. "I know the signs."

"Yes, I'll telephone to Sheelah, then I'll run along back to Cicely's."

But it was seven o'clock before she telephoned.

"That you, Sheelah? I'm not coming out to-night. I'm going to the theater. Tell Murray I'll bring him a present."

She did not hang up the receiver at once. Hence she heard an indignant exclamation.

"Will you hear that, now! An' the boy that certain! 'She's promised,' he says, an' he'll kape on 'she's-promising' for all o' me, for it's not tell him I will! He'll go to slape in his poor little boots, expectin' her to kape her promise!"

"Oh!" breathed in acute distress the mother of a little son. All unexpectedly, her house built of cards of carelessness, flippancy thoughtlessness, had fallen round her.

Then came a panic of hurry. She must go home at once. A little son was waiting for her to come and put him to bed. She had promised. They were to have a regular lark. She was almost as uncertain as Murray had been of the meaning of a "lark"; she had used the word heedlessly. She started at once. She would listen to no urgings.

"I've got to go, Cicely—I've promised."

At the station they told her there was another train at seven-thirty, and she walked about uneasily until it came.

Another woman waited with her.

"The train is late," said Murray's mother.

"No." The other woman glanced at the clock. "It's we who are early."

"And in a hurry. I've got to get home to put my little son to bed! I don't suppose you are going home for that?"

The sweet face lost its quietness. A spasm of mortal pain twisted it. "I've been home and—put him to bed" she said slowly —"in his last little bed."

Then Murray's mother found herself hurrying feverishly into a car, her face feeling wet and queer. She was crying.

"Oh, the poor woman! And I'm going home to a little live one. I can cover him up and tuck him in! I can kiss his little, solemn face and his little, brown knees. Why don't we start?" she said to the conductor.

"Hot box."

When at length she felt a welcome jar and lurch her patience was threadbare. She sat bolt upright, as if by so doing she were helping things along.

It was an express and leaped ahead splendidly. But, they were slowing up.

"What is it?"

"Don't be scairt, lady! Wreck ahead somewheres. We got to wait till they clear the track."

At the home station, when at last she reached it, she took a carriage. "Drive fast!" she said. "I'll pay you double fare."

They rattled along but suddenly stopped with a terrific lurch.

"This is not the place!" she cried, sharply.

"No'm; we're stopping fer recreation," drawled the driver. "Yer'll have to ax this here four-legged party what's doin'. I didn't stop—I kep' right on goin'. He laid down on his job, that's all, marm. I'll get him up, come Chris'mas."

She got out, paid her fare; she did not walk home, she ran.

"Has he gone to bed? Murray—Little Silly—has he gone to bed? Oh, no!" for she saw him then, an inert little heap at Sheelah's feet. She gatherd him up in her arms.

"I won't! I won't go, Sheelah! I'm waiting. She promis——"

"She's here—she's come, Murray!"

"I knew you'd come. I told Sheelah! When anybody promises, they—come on, quick, up-stairs! I can unlace myself, but I'd rather——"

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed.

"And we'll have a lark, won't we? You said a lark; but not the reg'larest kind—I don't suppose we could have the reg'larest kind?"

"Yes—yes!"

His eyes shone. He put up his hand, then drew it shyly back.

"What is it, Little Silly—darling?" They were up in his room now. She had her cheek against his little, bare, brown knees. It brought her soft, gold-colored hair so near—if he only dared——

"What is it you'd like, little son?" And he took courage. She had never called him Little Son before.

"I thought—the reg'larest kind—your hair—if you'd let it tumble all down, I'd—hide in it."

It fell about him in a soft shower and he hid in it and laughed.

RAAL OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a dacent song, that was made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman who had a fine estate,
Whose mansion, it was made of mud, wid thatch and all complate,
With a hole at top thro' which the smoke so graceful did retrate;
Hurrah for the Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

His walls so cold were covered with the divil a thing for show,
Except an ould shilaleh, which had knocked down many a foe,
And there ould Barney sits at ease, without shoes or hose,
And quaffs his noggin of potteen to warm his big red nose,
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

At Donnybrook his custom was, to be at every fair,
For tho' he'd seen a threescore years, he still was young when there;
And while the rich they feasted him, he oft among the poor
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar,
Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

But och! mavrone! once at a row, ould Barney got a knock,
And one that kilt him—'case he couldn't overget the shock;
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
Och! Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did ye die? och hone!
Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

Tho' all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of oulden time, were just as at this day.
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man—
To serve a friend, and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

WAY OF A WOMAN.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

GABE HARRIS had come by upon his cart, after work, and paused, as was his wont, for a chat with his desired one, Anna Maria Moore. He had been hard at work all day hauling from the clay-pits, and so was not a thing of beauty as to clothes. But if Anna Maria loved him—Love was blind, which left him all right in his own eyes and hers.

All would have gone well had not the plump, brown beauty of the girl overcome him as he stood chatting with her.

Instinctively he held out his arms to her. They were in the front yard, too. "We'n—w'en you gwine ma'y me, honey? Tell me."

Anna Maria froze.

"W'y, w'y, what's de mattah, Anna Maria?"

" 'Scuse me, Mistah Ha'is, but I'se not in de habit ob bein' spoke to in dat mannah."

"W'y, what's I done, Anna Maria?"

"What's you done, sah? W'y, you's scandalized me 'fo' de eyes ob de whole neighbo'hood," and she swished herself into the house.

Gabe scratched his head. "Well, I'll be dad-burned!"

Just then Uncle Ike, Anna Maria's father, came up. He was Gabe's friend and ally.

"What's de mattah, Brothah Gabe?"

"W'y, Unc' Ike, I done axed Anna Maria to ma'y, an' she say I'se insulted an' scandalized de neighbo'hood. Huccome dat?"

"Tsch, tsch, tsch, Brothah Gabe; you sholy doesn't know de pherloserphy ob oomankin'."

"I reckon I ain't up on dat, Unc' Ike; seems I ain't had de spe'ence dat hab fell to yo' lot."

The present was Uncle Ike's fourth matrimonial venture.

"Now, Brothah Gabe, in co'tin' a woman, less'n she's a widdah woman, dey's th'ee t'ings you got to do: you got to satisfy huh soul, you got to chawm huh yeah, an' you got to please huh eye. 'Tain't no use doin' one ner tothah less'n you does all—dat is, I say, pervided it ain't a widdah lady; dey bein' easiah to please an' mo' unnerstannin' laik. Well, you come hyeah, aftah yo' day's woik, an' you talk to Anna Maria. She know you been a-wo'kin, an'll mak' a good pervider; dat satisfy huh soul."

"Yes, sah; she smile w'en I was a-talkin' to huh, an' dat what mak' me fu'git myse'f."

"Uh-huh, dat mean dat you chawm huh yeah; but hol' on, dey's one mo' t'ing. How in de name ob common sense you spec' to please huh eye a-comin' hyeah in sich togs ez dese? Ki, yi, you see?"

"Unc' Ike, you sholy hab opened my eyes," said Gabe.

On the morrow he arrayed himself in his best, and hitched his

mare to a buggy. Gone were the marks and the memory of the clay-pits, gone was the ashiness of dust. Gabe's self-abasing cap was replaced by an aggressive "stiff hat," while his black coat and waist-coat, with drab trousers, completed an invincible make-up.

It was an autumn day but there was a golden touch in the air. Somewhere up in a poplar a bird would persist in singing, and something in Gabe's heart kept answering as he hitched his horse before Anna Maria's gate.

A little later she came out arrayed in all her glory. What Gabe said to Anna Maria and what Anna Maria said to Gabe on that drive is not recorded; but, returning late that afternoon as he helped her alight, he whispered, "I got sompin' mo' to say to you."

As they entered the house, the smell of baking biscuits and of frying pork assailed their nostrils. Gabe sat down in the spick-and-span front room.

"Ma's biscuits cert'n'y does smell scan'lous," Anna Maria commented, agreeably.

Gabe's mind was too full of his mission to heed the remark. The momentous second had arrived. He plumped down on his knees at her feet. "Oh, Anna Maria," he cried, "Anna Maria, ain't you gwine hab me now?"

Anna Maria turned on him a look full of startled surprise. "Look hyeah, Gabe, what's de mattah wid you? Is you done tuk leab ob yo' senses? Ain't you got no 'spect fo' a lady's feelin's? Hyeah I'se tiahed and hongry, an' you come 'roun' talkin' sich foolishness ez dat. No, I ain't gwine hab you. Git up f'om daih, an' ac' sensible. I'se hungry, I is."

Gabe got up, took his hat, and let himself out of the door.

"Heyo, Brothah Gabe, whah you gwine? You ain't gwine 'way fo' suppah, am you? We got some monst'ous fine middlin' daih fryin' 'speshly fo' you," was the greeting from Anna Maria's father.

"I'se done filled all de 'quirements you tol' me, an' axed Anna Maria 'gain, an' she won't hab me, an' I'se gwine 'way."

"W'en you ax Anna Maria?"

"Jes' now."

"Oomph, oomph, oomph. Gabe, fo' a ha'd-wo'kin', money-savin', long-haided man, you sholy has got less sense dan anybody I know."

"What's I done now? Ain't I filled all de 'quirements? Ain't I satisfied huh soul? Ain't I chawmed huh yeah? Ain't I pleased huh eye? Now what mo'—oh, 'tain't no use!"

"Hol' on, hol' on, I say; you done done all dese t'ings; but, Lawd a' massy, ain't you got mo' sense dan to pop de question to a lady w'en she hongry?"

"'Tain't no use, Unc' Ike; ef she eat suppah an' git satisfied, den she ain't gwine need me."

"You set down an' wait till aftah suppah, I say."

Just then the call for supper came, and Gabe went in with the black Solomon. During the blessing Anna Maria was cold and distant, but when the first biscuit was passed, her face brightened. The smile was on full force when she had tasted the brown, crisp "middlin'," and by the time she had the "jackets" off two steaming potatoes her face was beaming.

Anna Maria and Gabe went thither to the front room. Gabe lingered for a while on the brink, and then plunged in. "Anna Maria, I'se failed an' failed, an' I'se waited an' waited. Is you—is you—will you hab me now?"

"La, Gabe Ha'is, you is de beatness!" But her hand slipped into his.

"Is you gwine hab me, Anna Maria?"

"I reckon I'll hab to."

"Oomph, oomph," mused Uncle Ike, "oomen an' colts, an' which is de wus, I don't know."

MISTRESS. Kathi, what have you done with the letter I left on the table?

MAID. I put it into the letter-box.

MISTRESS. But it was not addressed.

MAID. I noticed that, ma'am, but I supposed it was because you didn't want me to know where it was going.

MENAGERIE DIET.

J. G. KEENAN.

I WAS awful sick las' night,
I almost nearly died;
I had to have the doctor
'Cause the trouble was inside.
I eated crackurs that mamma
Had brought to me from town,
An' they was made like animuls,
An' looked so nice an' brown
That I ate dogs an' pussy-cats,
An' bears an' lions, too,
An' elefunts with curly trunks,
Like any boy would do.
An' when I'd eated more'n a pound,
I felt an awful pain,
An' somethin' seemed to jump inside,
An' run, an' jump again.
I told the doctor when he comed;
But he just only smiled,
An' said, he "guessed the trouble was
Them animuls was wild;
An' dogs an' pussy-cats," he said,
"Sometimes do not agree;
Beside, I shouldn't ought to eat
A whole menagerie,
'Cause I was never meant to be
A Noah's Ark inside"—
But I was awful sick las' night,
An' almost nearly died.

FLEDGLING ACTOR. I was to come on the stage and say "Hist." I said it, and I was.

MY DARTER.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THEY driv' a kerridge to the door,
An' out of it a lady got,
All dressed in silks an' furbelows,
An' walked right up to whur I sot.
Sez she: "I come from Obedstown,
I'm huntin' fer a Cap'n Brown."
I looked, an' when her face I see,
Thinks I, "No, marm, you kain't fool me;"
I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's.

My darter, merried twenty year,
An' gone to live in Idyho.
She growed an' changed, but then, law me,
Queer ef a mother wouldn't know.
Her hair was tetched a bit with gray
An' mebby she wan't quite so gay;
A lettle stouter in her size,
Yit, as I looked in them blue eyes
I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's.

An' so I riz right up to once
An' grabbed her close an' hilt her tight,
An' she sed, "Mar!" an' I sed, "Nell,"
An' then we hugged with all our might,
For time might ketch me on some things,
Consid'r'n all the change it brings,
But when I looked, I knowed her, shore,
I seen my baby's eyes once more:
I knowed them eyes wuz Ellen's.

EMPLOYER. I regret having to let you go, Miss Keys, but my wife doesn't like you, and—er—you see, I—er, can't discharge my wife.

OONTS!

[Northern India Camel Transport Train.]

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WOT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?
It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.
O the *oont,** O the *oont,* O the commissariat *oont,*
With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes;
We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im grunt,
An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night is drorin' in,
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?
It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans frum the 'ills.
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin' frills!
O the *oont,* O the *oont,* O the hairy, scary *oont!*
A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the night alarm;
We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im off in front,
An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.
O the *oont,* O the *oont,* O the Gawd-for-saken *oont!*
The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a singin' where e' lies,
'E's blocked the 'ole division from the rear-guard to the front
An' when we got 'im up again,—the beggar goes an' dies!

*Oont, a camel: *oo* is pronounced like *u* in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

'E'll gall, an' chafe, an' lame, an' fight;—'e smells most awful vile;
'E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a mile;
'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole night through,
An' when 'e comes to greasy ground e' splits 'isself in two.
O the *oont,* O the *oont,* O the floppin', droppin' *oont!*
When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,
The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes is out in front,—
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when the roads is blind,
An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots be'ind,
O then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets revenge at last.
O the *oont,* O the *oont,* O the floatin', bloatin' *oont!*
The late lamented camel in the water-cut he lies;
We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a mile in front,
But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and then o' course we dies.

LEETLE BATEESE.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

YOU bad little boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere,
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall,
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall.
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min'; I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow.
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again.
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe:
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body, too,
Leetle Bateese!

But, leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lake wit' your ole gran'pere,
For w'en you're beeg fellow he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

FRIENDS.

SMALL GIRL'S ESSAY.

DOROTHY DIX.

FRIENDS is people that you have to say "dear" to when you feel all "darn" inside. When a person says she is your friend you better watch out, because that is the way folks start out when they are going to say something that will make you hopping mad, but that you have got to forgive because it was a friend that said it.

Friends is the most truth-tellingest nation of people that there is, and they always tell you about your faults, but a enemy says nice things to you.

When Gertrude Jones tells me that I have got red hair and a snub nose and walk pigeon-toed, she always says that the reason she tells me that is because she is my friend.

I like my enemies better than I do my friends.

There are a great many kinds of friends. There is your Old Friend that you used to know before your papa made money, and you got a automobile, and you pretend that you don't know her when you meet her on the street, and you say to her, "You must come to see me sometimes," but you don't set any day for her to come.

And there's your Intimate Friend that you tell your secrets to, and that she tells to her Intimate Friends, and you wonder how it got out.

And there's your New Friend that you brag about because she's got real diamonds and lives on Fifth Avenue.

Then there is your Mamma's Friends that your Papa don't like and calls old hens.

And there is your Papa's Friends that your Mamma says are nothing but soaks and no better than they should be, and that she won't stand for, and the dinner is always mean when your Papa's Friends come to visit him.

Friends have lots of baggage and they always bring it along when they come to see you, which makes it so they can stay a long time. I guess Friends is very fond of visiting because they don't wait to be asked to come. They come anyway.

Friends is also renowned for their borrowing. If you have got lots of friends you haven't got a nickel to your name because they have borrowed all your money and your new hat and your tooth-brush and everything you have got. People who are rich never have any friends. They wouldn't be rich if they had friends.

We should all try to make friends because they keep us poor and humble.

This is all that I know at present about friends.

WHAT IS AN ANCHORITE?

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

IT was Frank who was to blame. He had been bothered by his work, and worried by money matters.

He could not help having nerves, but he need not have read aloud a book which was so full of ponderous phrases immediately after supper.

"'Flying from the snares and temptations of Alexandria, the noble youth made his way into the austere and rocky defiles of the Thebaid, where for some years he remained as an anchorite.'"

"What is an anchorite, Maud?" he asked.

Maud smiled up at him, but her eyes showed alarm.

"How absurd you are, Frank!"

"Come, dear. What is it?"

"Well, now, what do *you* say it is?"

"No, no, Maud, this is not a game. You really ought to know."

"How do you know I don't know?"

"What is it, then?"

"It's—a—sort—of—a—sailor. Oh, dear! oh, dear! *Do* go on with that dear book."

"What's the good? I have so often told you to ask me when you don't understand. I wonder how many other things there were."

"Don't be so cross, Frank."

"I'm not cross."

"Well, whatever you are—don't be it."

"I'm hurt and disappointed. You won't read the books I like."

"How unjust you are, Frank! You know I read that five-volume book in the blue binding—the one on the second shelf—I read it from end to end to please you."

"I don't suppose you remember one word of it."

"Five weeks! I read nothing else all the time. And now you say these horrid things."

"What did I say?"

"No interest in the things you like. Why didn't you propose to that Miss Alice Mortimer at the picnic—the girl who talked about architecture in the old castle."

"I thought her a very nice girl."

"Yes, you did. You took her down into the dungeon to tell her so. She would have talked to you by the hour about—about—anchorites. Think of all I've done. Think of the bread I make, just because you like it homemade. And then you turn on me. I believe all the time you have been thinking of Alice Mortimer."

"I swear she never crossed my mind from that day of the picnic until now. You really are too absurd."

"I got up the dates of the English kings. You know that I did. I had them right except for the Henrys. You said so yourself. And now you talk like that! I can't imagine what you wanted to marry me for. You don't need a wife—you should have married a dictionary. To think—to think that this should be the end of it all!"

"What have *I* done?"

"You have been—you have been horrid. You are so changed. Think of that first time we met. If when we were first introduced you had said, 'Well, Miss Selwyn, and what is an anchorite?' that

would have been honest. I should have known what to expect. But you asked no questions at all."

"Oh, come! I asked you one."

"Yes, and I gave the wrong answer to it."

"Oh, Maud! That's a hard thing to say."

"Well, you make me say horrid things."

"I've said nothing unkind."

"Yes, you have, very unkind. That I was a silly, and that you wished you had married Alice Mortimer."

"Oh, Maud! How impossible you are!"

"There now! Is *that* a kind thing to say? In five minutes you will be ready to swear that you never said that I was impossible."

"Forgive me, dear. What I meant was that I never dreamed of all you say. There is no one so quick and sympathetic. And certainly there is no other woman in the world that I would choose as a companion."

"Really and truly?"

"I swear it. Come here. Now you know it's true, don't you?"

"How hateful I am!"

"It was my stupid, clumsy talk."

"Dear boy, you were quite right to try to teach me. But I love you so that if ever the very tiniest rift comes, and we are not quite close together, then in a moment I am all churned up and desperate, ready to do or say anything. I'll improve. I *will* improve. But I can only do it by teaching myself not to love you so."

"For goodness' sake don't change, my darling. You're not hurt now, Maud?"

"No, no, but am I as good a wife as Miss Mortimer would have made? Do say that I am!"

"The best that ever a man had."

"I'll try so hard to improve!"

"No, no, please remain the same."

"And, Frank——"

"Yes, dear."

"Sure you won't be angry?"

"No, no, never again."

"Well, then—what *is* an anchorite?"

"Oh, bother the anchorite! What does it matter?"

"Well, really I want to know."

"Oh, he was just a hermit. They used to live in cells in Egypt, and on the Continent, and even here in England."

"In England?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did they come from abroad?"

"Yes, I believe they did. There were some at Glastonbury and other places."

"But how did they come to England?"

"Why in ships, to be sure."

"Why, you silly boy, then they *were* a sort of sailor, after all."

MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A PRACTICAL, plain young girl;
Not afraid-of-the-rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-lace young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-from-a-stare young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl;

Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;
No indulger-in-blues young girl;

"Yes, of course, but my wife's got all those things. Tell me where yours differentiates."

"Well, I never would have thought of her if it hadn't been for the poppy episode. And I told her so. After I began to know her I told her I never would have known how pretty her eyes were if she hadn't been such a cracking brave girl. And she nearly cried. She made me promise that I would never mention that again!"

"Well—so what did you do?"

"Oh, I talked some about her eyes—and dimples—and other things. And about the fellow who had done the shooting. They said he was always nosing around, till she got tired of him and sent him away. Man, I wish you could see her ride a horse! She takes a fence as coolly as you would a quinine pill, and isn't afraid to mount anything you can bring her. Why, one day we started out for a gallop across the country, when her horse was feeling pretty fresh, and I told her——"

"I'd like to hear it, Shorty, but I'm afraid that's my train they're calling out. Another time you must tell me all about it."

"Thanks, Sammy. I wish you would run up and see us! My wife will be delighted to meet you!"

"And I'd be charmed to see her. That's one of the pluckiest things I ever heard—her letting that fellow shoot the poppies off her hat!"

"Right you are, that's what won me. And she's not a bit masculine or horsy or doggy either! Wears trains on her dresses and does fancy work just like any other woman. Come up and meet her any time. I'm mighty glad I saw you."

Sammy walked towards the gate, turned and came back.

"Say, Shorty, I'm the man that shot them off—the man that was always nosing around till she got tired of me and sent me away!"

"You the man! Get out! You are lying!"

"No, I'm not. I'm the fellow. Nice girl. Did she say I nosed around?"

"I've forgotten—but she did mention the man's name—called him—'that Mr. Brown.' Well, the joke's on me! That's why you said it was funny when I told you."

"Yes—that and other things. Did she—did your wife ever happen to mention where she was when 'that Mr. Brown' shot the poppies off her hat?"

"Yes—back of the bowling alley."

"Did she tell you where the hat was?"

"What the devil——"

"Do you remember a post out to the other side of the bowling alley, where people used to cut each other's initials?"

"Yes—perfectly—but what——"

"Well, I stood a few paces away from that, and your wife stood a few paces to one side of it, and the hat was placed on it. I got the poppies off first shot."

"You're—a liar—and you know it."

"No, I'm merely 'that Mr. Brown.' Well, good-bye. This must be my train this time. Remember me to your wife——"

SOUTH AND NORTH UNITED.

FRANK L. STANTON.

I'VE faced the fight with Jackson, I've marched along with Lee;
I had some words with Sherman as he galloped to the sea.
Exchanged brisk compliments with Grant when vict'ry seemed in view,
My old steel bayonet glittering at many a breast in blue.

I say, I've been with Jackson and Lee—he knew my name:
And sometimes, when the fight was on, he called me by the same.
I followed fierce and fearless where Longstreet led the way
To fields whose bloody daisies were blent with blue and grey.

But now I'm in the Union! I see there—overhead,
The flag our fathers fought for; her rippling rills of red

All glorious and victorious;—the splendor of her stars,—
And I say: "The blood of heroes dyed all her crimson bars."

I'm for that flag forever 'gainst foes on sea and shore.
Who shames her? Who defames her? Give me my gun once more!
We'll answer when they need us—when the war-fires light the night:
There's a Lee still left to lead us to the glory of the fight!

See how the old flag ripples, and flaunts her folds in scorn,
Her stars and bars will be the joy of nations unborn;
And though she waves o'er new-made graves, 'neath alien sod and dew,
There, in the starry silences, the grey sleep with the blue.

We're one in heart forever—we're one in heart and hand;
The flag's a challenge to the sea, a garland to the land.
We're united—one great country: Freedom's the watchword still:
There's a Lee that's left to lead us—let the storm break where it will.

PRAYER OF GRATITUDE.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

I BELIEVE in the hands that work; in the brains that think; in the hearts that love.

I am thankful for the blessed light of this day, and I am thankful for all the days that have gone before.

I thank the thinkers, the publishers, the inventors, the poets, the singers, the painters, the sculptors and the business men who have lived and are living.

I thank Pericles and Phidias, who made that most beautiful city the world has ever seen, and were repaid with persecution and death.

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I thank Aristotle, the mountain guide and school teacher, who knew how to set bad boys to work.

I thank Immanuel Kant, who was never more than ten miles from his home, for luring the world to his door.

I thank Emerson for brooking the displeasure of his alma mater.

I thank Jamie Watt, the Scotch boy, who watched his mother's teakettle to a purpose.

I thank Volta and Galvani, who fixed their names, as did Watt, in the science that lightens labor and carries the burdens that once bowed human backs.

I thank Benjamin Franklin for his spirit of mirth, his persistency, his patience, his common sense.

I thank Alexander Humboldt and his brother, William Humboldt—those great brothers twain—who knew that life is opportunity.

I thank Shakespeare for running away from Stratford and holding horses at a theatre entrance—but not forever.

I thank Arkwright, Hargreaves and Crompton, from whose brains leaped the looms that weave with tireless hands the weft and warp that human bodies wear.

I thank Thomas Jefferson for writing the Declaration of Independence, for founding the public school system, for dreaming of a college where girls and boys would study, learn and work in joy.

I thank Benedict Spinoza, gardener, lensmaker, scientist, humanist, for being true to the dictates of the tides of divinity that played through his soul.

I thank Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer for liberating theology from superstition.

I thank Tyndall the Irishman, Draper the American, Herschel the German, Bjornson the Scandinavian and Adam Smith the Scotchman for inspiration and help untold.

These men and others like them, their names less known, have made the world a fit dwelling-place for liberty. Their graves are mounds from which flares freedom's torch.

And I thank and praise too the simple, honest, unpretentious millions who have worked, struggled, toiled, carrying heavy burdens, often paid in ingratitude, spurned, misunderstood—who still worked on and succeeded, or failed, robbed of recognition and the results of their toil. To all these, who sleep in forgotten graves, my heart goes out in gratitude over the years and the centuries and the ages that have passed.

Amen and Amen!

ARTIST'S MODEL.

Poem by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Arranged by MME. E. DE LOUIE.

Music by KUCKEN.

SCENE: Studio. ARTIST discovered at easel. MODEL dressed in red velvet.

CLAIRE.

I pray you do not turn your head, [*going toward her*]
And let your hands lie folded, [*arranging them*] so!
It was a dress like this, [*dreamily surveying her*] blood-red,
That Dante liked—so long ago. [*Returns to easel.*]

JESSIE [*surprised*].

And who I pray was he, Dante? [*Slowly repeating.*]
Dante! I don't believe I know! [*Ardently.*]
Was he like the darling lanty,
Who melted into liquid snow?

CLAIRE [*shaking head aside*].

You don't know Dante, that is clear.
'Twill be enough for me to dare— [*Smiling.*]
Well, never mind, my little dear,
He loved a lady wondrous fair.

JESSIE

Was he a painter, and she his model, Claire?

CLAIRE [*gazing at her admiringly*].

His model—something of the kind; I wonder if she had
your hair!

JESSIE [*surprised*].
You wonder if she had my hair!
I wonder if you're sane, dear Claire!
CLAIRE [*absently*].
I wonder if she looked so meek,
And was not meek at all—
JESSIE [*mischievously*]
You do not know how meek I am,
Because I'm silent as a clam!
CLAIRE [*apparently not hearing her*].
(My dear,
I want that side-light on your cheek.)
He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you—
[*Smiling.*] But rather better on the whole.
(Depress your chin!)
JESSIE [*drawing chin in*].
Is that the way you mean? I think—
CLAIRE.
Yes, that will do. [*Intently looking at her.*]
[*Painting earnestly.*] Well, my dear, what is't you think?
JESSIE [*pouting*].
It matters not—I will not tell.
CLAIRE [*aside*].
Poor child! She does not know.
[*To her.*] He was a painter of the soul.—
Ah, me, O would that I'd his skill!—
And painted portraits too, I think,
In the Inferno—devilish good!
JESSIE.
Heavens! in—why who would—
CLAIRE [*laughing*].
He went not *there* to paint,
[*Aside.*] Ah! if I'd his method, and his mood,
I'd make some certain critics blink.

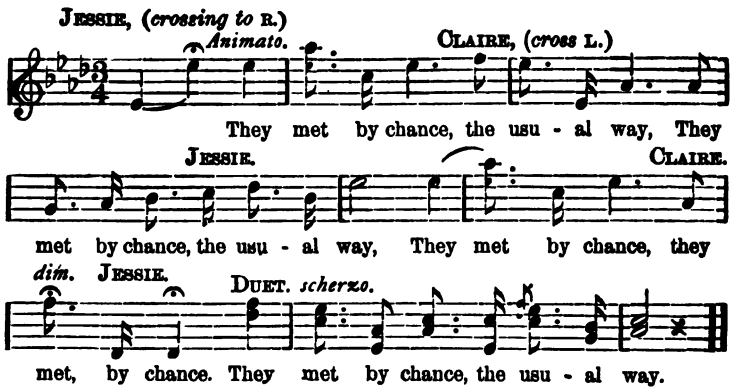
JESSIE [*interested*].

Why, then, whose portrait painted he?
I mean the one you think so—good!

CLAIRE.

Oh! you're curious now, I see,
Well! let me think—one whose name was—
(Jessie! let your glance rest there by
That majolica tray), was—Beatrice.
They met by chance.

JESSIE [*singing, as she rises impulsively*].



CLAIRE.

As you and I met months ago, [*crosses R.*]
Do you remember? [*Looking at her.*]

JESSIE [*mischievously shaking head*].

Months ago—
[*Aside.*] I'll be as blank as he!

CLAIRE.

How your feet
Went crinkle, crinkle on the snow,
Adown the long, gas-lighted street.
An instant in the drug-store's glare
You stood, as in a golden frame,

[*ardently*] And then—I swore it, then and there—
To hand your sweetness down to fame.
Ah! yes, they met and loved, but never wed.

JESSIE [*with feeling*].
And never wed! [*Sitting.*]
How sad and strange! How long ago?

CLAIRE.
Oh, this was long before our time,
And though they died, they are not dead!

JESSIE [*inquiringly*].
How could they die and not be dead?
You'd think me mad, such things I said!

CLAIRE.
Oh! no, you are mistaken here, [*sitting*]
'Tis but the mortal dies, my dear.
[*With fervor.*] Still walks the earth with haughty mien,
Great Dante in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine
Goes lonely in her blood-red dress.

JESSIE [*puzzled look*].
I am not sure I understand.

CLAIRE [*vexed*].
Your forte is to misunderstand!
You do not understand at all.
Ecoutez! He was a poet; on his page
He drew her, and though kingdoms fall,
This lady lives from age to age!

JESSIE.
You call a poet painter, too?

CLAIRE.
Most sure, a poet is a painter true, [*walks to easel*]
[*Oratorical*] For words are colors—rightly laid,
And they outlast our brightest hue,
For ochres crack, and crimsons fade.

The poets! [*Sighing.*] Ah! they're lucky ones;
[*Regretfully.*] When we are thrust upon the shelves
Our works turn into skeletons
Almost as quickly as ourselves.
For our poor canvas peels at length,
At length is prized—when all is bare.
[*Satirical.*] "What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!"
When neither strength nor grace is there.
[*Painting spasmodically and fast.*]

JESSIE [*surprised*].
Why, Claire! how strange you talk this noon!
One'd think you had just heard your doom.
[*Laughing gaily at him, rising.*]

CLAIRE.
Oh! Jessie, I am sick at heart; [*puts down palette*]
It is so little one can do, [*sighing*]
We talk our jargon—"Live for Art!"
And what unhappy brutes we are!

JESSIE [*animated*].
And is not that enough?
Art, is not "jardon," Claire, 'tis art!
What could you have more dear?

CLAIRE [*coming forward hesitatingly*].
Why—you!
I'd much prefer to live for you.
[*She turns head away, as he takes her hands.*
He drops them hastily and returns to easel.
A little by-play between them. She smiles.]

CLAIRE [*peevishly*].
How dull and lifeless colors are!
You smile, and all my picture lies!
[*Ardently.*] I wish that I could crush a star
To make a pigment for your eyes!

JESSIE.

But why so sad the face you wear?
[*Tenderly.*] I fear you're out of tune, dear Claire.

CLAIRE [*impatiently*].

Jessie! I know I'm out of tune.
The light is bad, the sky is gray,
And—
[*She quickly takes seat as at first, rests chin on hand. He takes off cap and jacket, and covers easel.*]
I'll work no more this blessed noon.
[*Stepping toward her.*] Go! lay your royal robes away;
[*She looks up dreamily.*] Besides, you're dreamy—hand on chin,
I know not what—not in the vein.
[*She looks sad.*] While I would paint Anne Boleyn,
You sit there looking like Elaine!
Not like the youthful, radiant queen,
Unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been
Preparing for the headsman's blow!

JESSIE [*regretfully*].

I see, you are dissatisfied with me;
I cannot help my looks. [*Sits very erect; crosses wrists.*]

CLAIRE [*laughing*].

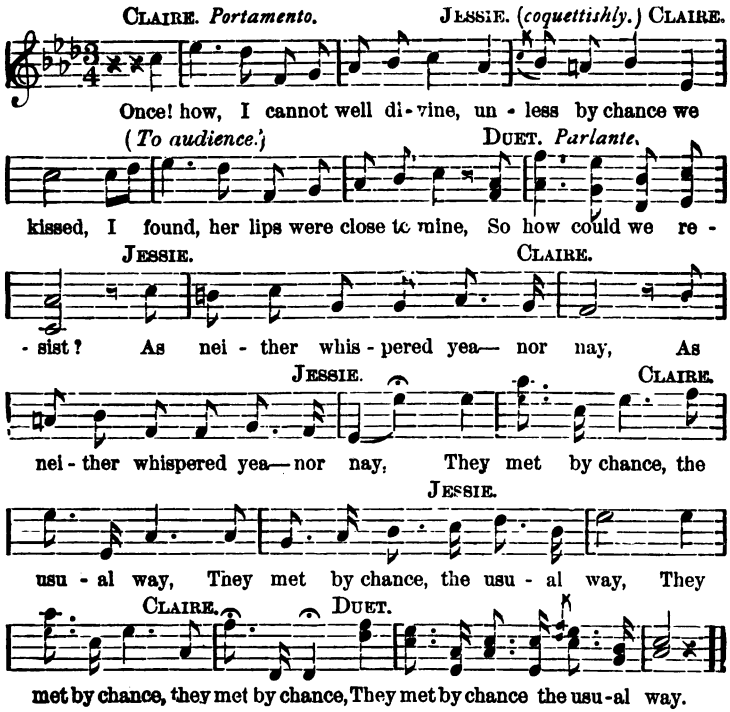
I see, I've put you in a miff;
[*Imitating her.*] Sitting bolt upright, wrist on wrist!

JESSIE [*rises, with scorn*].

Indeed! Please tell how should I look!
Just like the inside of a book?

CLAIRE [*rapturously*].

How should you look? Why, dear, as if—
Somehow—as if you'd just been—kissed!
[*Crossing quickly, smiling, taking hands, both come down to front of stage singing.*]



ST. PATRICK.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

MANY long years ago a courageous, devout man traveled up and down in Ireland preaching morality, courage and education. There were no conveniences and no comforts in those days. Hard beds, poor roads, a hard life and a dangerous life; hard work, hunger, slavery, opposition, barbarism throughout the length and breadth of Europe—against these things St. Patrick fought and won the name that will shine as long as the Irish people will last—and that will be as long as the earth lasts.

This was a different world when St. Patrick, the young boy made prisoner by pirates, was taken to Ireland across the rough channel and when he realized his mission and began converting those among whom he lived to the Christian religion—teaching them not only the Christian religion, but his own ideas of right and wrong and courage and good government.

Many races claim St. Patrick, and well they may, for he was a man to be proud of. His father, probably, was of Roman blood, and thence, perhaps, came the name Patrick, or Patricius. His mother, undoubtedly, was a pure Celt. He belonged to the race that defied Alexander the Great, the race that lived to the north of Greece and contributed the blue eyes and the genius to that great nation, the race that did the hard fighting in Spain, where the Iberian Celts were as hard fighters as the world has known. She, mother of the great St. Patrick, belonged to the great Celtic people that we call now the Irish people, since in Ireland alone this race has preserved its purity and its characteristics.

A great, lonely and beautiful figure in history is St. Patrick. And those that honor him love to think of him standing on the extreme western coast of Ireland, "beyond which no man was," looking out across the great miles of ocean, then turning and going back to his work of government and teaching and salvation.

Wonderful men have been produced by the Celtic race. Great geniuses have come out of Ireland; the greatest orators that have talked in the Parliament of England, the soldier that defeated Napoleon; actors, artists, painters, writers, preachers, fighters all over the globe. But none, perhaps, was as great, and certainly none was greater than St. Patrick, a man who had the courage of his race, the deep, religious feeling of his race, the honesty and the devotion.

Every Irishman honors the man whose birthday comes on the seventeenth of March. And every man honors himself in honoring St. Patrick. They say that he drove the snakes out of Ireland. He certainly did drive out any snake that he saw. He was a terror to any snake that came in his path, whether it was the

cold, slimy reptile sliding along the ground or the more dangerous snake that oppresses men through false teachings. And he drove the snakes out of the minds of men, snakes of superstition and brutality and cruelty. He was the greatest among the wonderful religious teachers of Ireland, great and devoted men and women such as St. Colum-Cille, St. Bridget and others.

When we celebrate his birthday and praise the work that he did, and when the Irish rejoice in his reputation and glory, all of us should remember with gratitude this fact: Every man does two great things if his life is worth while. He does his own work in his own lifetime. And after he is dead, he continues his work by his ennobling influence on the minds of men.

How greatness and real character last! Since the birth of St. Patrick, fourteen centuries ago, how many men have risen and fallen and been forgotten! They were great for an hour or a century—and no man knows their names.

St. Patrick is great because he was a teacher. He is great because he was a truly brave man, telling the truth regardless of consequences. He is great and will live through long centuries, tens and hundreds of them, in the memory of men, because he embodied in himself and used for other human beings the great and noble qualities of the race to which he belonged. He represents the Celtic, or, as we call it, the Irish race, in the minds of men, exactly as Homer represents the Greeks, Cæsar the Romans, Dante the Italians, and Shakespeare the genius of the English race.

A great man is the most precious possession of any people. And the Irish who have fought steadily through hundreds of years, and who are fighting now, and who will win in the end, have been inspired from the first by the memory and the example of the man to whom they look upon as their greatest leader and their patron saint.

TEACHER. What is the meaning of elocution?

PUPIL. It is the way they put to death in some States.

TRAMP PHILOSOPHY.

R. G. BERRY.

I 'M a wandering tramp, a happy old scamp, with never a thought or care;
For I live all day in the sunshine gay, my home is the sweet fresh air.
When the day is gone, and the night creeps on, I sleep 'neath the star-lit sky.
Do I covet a bed for my weary head? Not I.

Though my daily food may be rough and crude (being what I can poach or snare),
I am satisfied, for the gods provide me with plenty to eat and to spare.
Then a measure cool from a stream or pool I quaff when my throat is dry.
Do I ever pine for a draught of wine? Not I.

You will doubtless guess, from the way I dress, that my wardrobe is somewhat bare;
One shoe, one boot, and an old patched suit, are all that I've got to wear.
But they're all I need for the life I lead, so why should I sit and sigh?
Should I gain anything were I dressed like a king? Not I.

My only wealth is my sovereign health, but that's quite enough for me.
Though I haven't a cent, I am quite content; what do I want with L. s. d.?
To have cash in the bank I regard as "swank;" what good does it do laid by?
Do I ever crave for gold to save? Not I.

So, if you would be content like me, the happiest tramp ever seen,
Don't worry and fret, and sigh with regret for the days of the "might-have-been."
Just play your part with a thankful heart till your time comes to say "good-bye,"
Then you'll say, with content, "Have I cause to repent?" Not I.

GIRL'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.

I.

I WILL not permit myself to speak while angry, and I will take no heed of another who speaks to me in anger.

II.

I will neither gossip about the failings of another nor allow another to gossip to me, except good.

III.

I will excuse weakness in either sex, and assist it to the best of my ability.

IV.

I will always express gratitude for a favor or service rendered. I will consider the spirit in which it was meant and not the cash value.

V.

I will not fail to express sympathy with another's sorrow or to give hearty utterance to my appreciation of the good works or deeds of others.

VI.

I will not talk or think about my personal ailments. If mortal mind suggests that I have pains or aches I will deny it silently and not mention it to others.

VII.

I will look on the bright side of all circumstances and transactions connected with my daily life, and will seek to be cheerful and pleasant on all occasions.

VIII.

I will neither eat nor drink to excess, nor do that which, in my judgment, would lessen my mental or physical capacity for the best service I can render to my family and to my fellow-men.

IX.

I will speak and act truthfully and live with sincerity toward God and man, remembering always that there is but one God, namely, Truth, Love, Life, Good.

X.

I will pay my just debts when due, and insist that my fellow-men shall accord me the like courtesy. I will not strive to become better than others, but to become better than myself.

THANKSGIVING DAY MESSAGE.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE soul united to God in strong bonds of love makes every day one of thanksgiving to God for the numberless blessings that flow uninterruptedly from Him. But it is well to unite often in public thanksgiving that we may teach the minds of the forgetful children of the Father their duty of gratitude.

We thank Him first for having given us natural life. How precious it is. How delightful it is to cross the boundary that separates nothingness from existence, to spring from darkness to light, to breathe the air of heaven, to contemplate the starry firmament above us, to commune with our fellow-beings. If we are indebted to Him for having made us men, how much more so that He has clothed and adorned man with the bright robes of Christianity. If we should be grateful for our bodily sight, which enables us to behold the works of creation, how much more thankful should we be for the light of Christian faith, by which we can contemplate the illimitable expanse of the spiritual world and the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem.

We are indebted to God not only for our material and spiritual life, but for their preservation and continuance, for as only an Almighty hand could have created us, so none but an Almighty power can sustain us. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Giver of every perfect gift not only for the blessings we receive directly from Him, but for the favors bestowed on us by the hands of men. What are our parents, our friends, and benefactors but the agents of God's mercy, the stewards of His bounty, the instruments of His providence? Who was it but God that inspired them with benevolence toward us?

It is a source of great satisfaction to every devout Christian that the Chief Executive of the nation as well as the Governors of the States are accustomed once a year to invite the people of the United States to return thanks to God for His blessings to the country. The public act of our Chief Magistrate in proclaiming the supreme dominion and providence of our Creator cannot fail to exert a salutary influence on our citizens throughout the country, and to secure for us a continuance of Divine favors.

GLORIES OF THE MORNING.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

IT is morning—and a morning sweet and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning, in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman, we say, she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning." But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people of Boston, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them, morning

is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting forth of the sun; a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day," this they never enjoy, for this they never see.

Beautiful descriptions of the "morning" abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself "the wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The "wings of the morning" are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of Righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings;" a rising sun, which shall scatter light and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new every morning," and "fresh every evening." We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be!

I know the morning; I am acquainted with it, and I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

DOWN WITH CULCHAH!

ALICE R. FORSYTH.

NO'M, Mis' Jos'feem, I doan' lay out to go t' no mo' pergressive meetin's, noh culchah soci'ty doin's, noh any othah meetin's 'ceptin' pra'h meetin', foh a good spell to come. I gotter 'nuff to do me, I reckon, an' I reckon I done be'n was'in' time whut I orter be'en spen'in a-patchin' Aberham Luke's oberhalls. Sence hit got ter be de style, I be'n 'ten'in' mothah's meetin's an' out-doah-aht soci'ty, an' sech, an' heahin' a heap ob big wohds, but I des' nachelly come to de conclusion lately dat dem high-soun'in' wohds doan' hab no message foh dis niggah whils' de cobwebs am a-hangin' onto de pahloh ceilin' an' de chillen's knees am bus' thoo, an' de ole man's wukkin' clo'es need fixin'.

De las' meetin' was gib' undah de allspices ob de Daughtahs ob Snow-white Pu'ity, an' de talk was mos'ly 'stractions 'bout de pergressiveness ob de ebolution, an' de greates' good to de greates' numbah, an' de surbibal ob de fittes'. 'Pears lak' dey is a heap to be said on de subjec', but whar do hit lead, aftah all? I tek' notice dat aftah de muchal culchah c'mittee call on me I set an' meditate on de extremity ob de hilariousness twell de cohn-pone bu'n black in de oven, an' de spaih ribs am all cook to rags.

I came home f'um dat 'ar las' meetin' 'companied by Aberham Luke an' young Mistah Moses Brayberry, whut's alluz a-hangin' arter my Sagassity 'Liz'buth, an' lets on lak' he brung up in a finishin'-school, an' knows all dey is. W'en we git inside he 'ten's lak' he tek' a mighty keen int'rus' in Sagassity 'Liz'buth's li'l' yaller kitten, de Marcus ob Laffeyette, an' ask does we-all know whah he kin git one lak' hit foh he li'l' sistah? Sagassity 'Liz'buth tell him no, 'cuz de Marcus am de las' ob de ole caliker cat's kittens; de res' all tuck fits an' died, an' de ole cat huhse'f done jouhney'd cat-heabenwa'hd in a fit.

"Dah now, Mis' Johnsing," he say, "dat done prove de point whut de speakah axpostulate dis ebenin'—de surbibal ob de fittes'. Yo'-all couldn't hab no finah 'lustration dan de case in point."

"Mebby so," I dissenshuates, "mebby so, but I doan' figuh hit out dat-a-way, nohow. De Marcus am de onlies' one ob dat fambly ob cats dat nevah had *no* fits. De one wif de mos' fits died fus', an' den de nex', an' den de nex'. Hit look to me pow'ful lak' de surbibal ob de *on*-fittes'," I say.

Yas'm, Mis' Jos'feem, w'en de fine 'spressions won' stan' de tes' ob common sense an' reason, I 'cide I doan' want no moah ob 'em. Dey am become as soundin' brass an' clinkin' cindahs.

CALL OF THE SEA.

MARGUERITE O'B. WILKINSON.

COME to me, my children, daughters of men, sons of women, for I, The Sea, have gifts for you all!

Come, sweating toilers, from dark dens in cities. Seek me out where you can find me alone, and enter into my arms. Smoke and dust I can rinse from you. I can brace your muscles and cause you to breathe deep; I can steep you in strength. I will grant you to be clear-eyed and confident once more, and when you return, brave with my valor, perhaps you will be able to defy evil.

Come to me, also, you who are pampered in palaces, for I am a good democrat. I can entertain you more generously than your friends. For I can exalt you in your own eyes, lifting the gentlemen into the man, and the lady into the woman. I have no warmed and perfumed luxury for you. As I always have been so am I now—cool, sane, elemental. Elegance and ennui I shall most assuredly banish. But your chalky pallor shall blush ruddy when I have caressed you. The lines about your lips shall betoken resolution which you shall wrest from me.

Come to me, old people, who have grown weary, and rest near to me. We are comrades together, for I am very old. Touch my wet rocks with withered fingers, tenderly; shake your gray locks loose where the sun shines upon my sands, for I am yours and you are mine. Listen to me, for I sing you songs of the Infinite.

Come to me, you who are lovers, for I am the deepest and most inclusive lover. In me were the beginnings of life and the earliest promptings and choosings of love. I teem with multitudes brought near together. Mine are lustihood and rapture and the storms that glorify the race.

And O, you little ones, come to me. I offer you my hard sandy beeches, my glistening pebbles, my seaweeds and my shells for your pleasure. Perhaps for you are the greatest of all my gifts. Of you would I make poised, fair-minded women, and gentle, firm-willed men, a race too gay for crime and insanity. Dive into me, splash merrily, swim lustily.

Come to me, my children, for I am the struggle of the brave who will conquer or die. I am the going and coming of the great. I am health and prowess and achievement!

WHY WOMEN CAN'T VOTE.

DOROTHY DIX.

CHARACTERS: MIRANDY, Negro woman, speaker present; BRER JACKSON, supposed to be present.

GOOD eb'ning, Brer Jackson, I s'pose you done foller dat Suffergette p'rade t'day.—Yo' didn'? 'Shamed to be seen watchin' a passel o' wimmen. Yo' sho' couldn't be a doin' nuthin' bettah.

I reckon yo' don' car' to hev wimmen vote. "We ain' good 'nough?"—"A passel o' cats? Wimmen ain't never got no sense?"

Don' yo' say dat, Brer Jackson. De reason dat wimmen ain't got de right to vote ain' becaze dey is lackin' in sense an' probousness, hit's becaze dey's lackin' in backbone. Dey ain't got no spinal column, an' dey ain't to blame for dat, becaze hit's along of de way dat de good Lawd made 'em.

Now, las' night, Brer Jenkins preached 'bout dat man down in Egypt—or some odder furrin city—whut is a diggin' aroun' in de

place where de Gyarden of Eden was, an' he say dat ef dis man ain't edzactly diskivered de bone dat Eve was made out of, he's done found de next thing to hit. He's done found de place whar hit come from. He says dat de men whut lived befo' Adam had one mo' rib dan dem has got whut lived after him, an' ef dat missin' rib ain't women, whar is hit? Dat's de question. Whar is hit?

Of cou'se, de findin' of dat rib didn't make no difference to me, becaze I done made my peace mo' dan thirty years ago, an' I'se been a sleeper in de chu'ch ever since. Mo'over, I'se got de faith, an' ef faith ain't believin' whut you knows ain't so, an' jest nat'-rally can't be so, den I don't know whut hit is.

I does des alike about de doctor an' de preacher. I opens my mouth, an' shets my eyes, an' swallows whutever dey pokes down me widout prognosticatin' about hit's inwardness, or how hit's gwine to wuk.

"'Tain't right?" Whar yo' know dat, Brer Jackson? I ain't never been one of dem dat run after ev'ry new belief dat come along, an' dat's de reason dat I ain't never took up wid dis heah doctrine 'bout things not bein' made at de start of de creation, but just havin' growed. Co'se, ev'ybody to dere taste, but hit seems lak to me dat dem folks whut laks to claim a monkey for dere grandpa has got mighty little pride, an' mighty little call to brag on dere fambly-tree.

I ain't never had no trouble in believin' dat woman was made out of man's rib. Whut worries me is why de Lawd's choice fell on de rib, which ain't nothin' but a sort of rafter to hold up a man's chist an' swell hit out, an' make him look proud, but dat ain't nowise important in hitself, an' dat is about de easiest thing dat he can spare widout missin' hit.

"Criticizin' der good Marster?" Co'se I ain't a-presumin' to criticize de good Marster, but hit does look lak to me dat when he was a-creatin' woman, an' he had de whole man to cut from, dat he could have saved us a lot of trouble ef he had made Eve out of a few jints of Adam's backbone instid of dat rib.

"Easy to hug?" Yassir, dat's so, for ain't a rib de easiest squashed thing in de whole human body? An' when yo' goes to de market an' wants to git de tenderest roast, don't yo' buy de rib roast?

Yassir, dat's so, an' dat's de trouble wid wimmen down to dis very day. Dey ain't got no backbone. Of a rib dey was made, an' a rib dey has stayed, an' nobody ain't got no right to expect nothin' else from 'em. Hit's becaze woman was made out of man's rib—an' from de way she acts hit looks lak she was made from a floatin' rib at dat—an' man was left wid all of his backbone, dat he's got de comsupance over woman. An' dat's de reason we wimmen sets down an' cry when we ought to git up an' heave brick-bats.

Yassir, most of wimmen's troubles in dis worl' comes of dere not havin' no backbone, an' I don't know nothin' dat makes yo' want to cry out of one side of yo' mouth an' laugh out of de odder more dan is de fact dat mos' of de wimmen in de worl' is down on dere knees prayin' for miracles to happen dat dey could make happen dereselves ef dey'd git up on dere hind legs an' make just one good fight for 'em. I ain't sayin' nothin' agin dem anti-societies. I 'spects dey does lots of good, but I done tuk notice dat dem reforms reform most and quickest, whut yo' goes after wid a axe when yo' dander is up.

When me an' Ike fust got married, after he got tired of holdin' mah hand, he begun to segastuate off of de straight an' narrow path, away from home, an' back to de crap-game an' de corner saloon. Co'se dis makes a mighty talk, an' some of de sisters in Israel comes to me an' axes, did I want de prayers of de chu'ch for him? An' I says, not until mah right arm give out.

So dat night when Ike got home he found his lovin' wife a-waitin' up for him wid de rollin-pin in one hand an' de stove-lifter in de odder, an' by de time he got out of de hospital hit looked lak he kinder lost his interest in wanderin' away from his own fireside. Leastways when he sort of looks wishful toward de do' of a night, an' catches my eyes a-wanderin' toward a flat-

iron, he settles back in his cheer an' says he believes he feels too tired to go out.

Yassir, dey do talks about de difference between men an' wimmen, but de biggest difference is in de matter of de backbone, an' hit's what keeps wimmen good, an' gives men de right to be bad, fo' dey ain't no foolishness dat a man will stand fo' in a woman, an' dere ain't no foolishness dat a woman won't stand fo' in a man.

Yassir, dat's de reason dat we wimmen can't vote, an' ain't got no say-so 'bout makin' de laws dat bosses us. We has got de right on our side, but we ain't got de backbone in us to jest rise an' reach out an' grab dat ballot.

Dere ain't nobody 'sputin' de fac' dat we've got to scrape up de money to pay de tax-collector, even ef we does have to go down into a skirt pocket to git hit, an' our belongin' to de angel sect ain't gwine to keep us out of jail ef we gets into a fight wid anodder lady, or we swipes a ruffled petticoat off of de clothes-line next do'.

Furdermore, when de meat trust puts up de price of po'k-chops hit's de woman dat is got to squeeze de dollar until de eagle hollers a little louder to feed deir chillun. Hit's de woman dat has got to patch deir husband's breeches, an' turn deir old dresses one time mo' ef de tariff puts up de price of clothes. Hit's de woman dat has got to send deir men folks out to fight ef de war comes on de country.

Hit's de wimmen dat has got to see de babies die ef de streets ain't cleaned an' de milk is watered. Hit's de wimmen dat has got to put deir little chillun out to work when dey ought to be playin', ef times gits harder. An' so we wimmen is des a-achin' to have a finger in dat government pie, an' see ef we can't put jes' a little mo' sweetenin' in hit, an' make hit a little lighter so dat hit won't set so heavy an' ondigestible on de stomachs of dem whut ain't millionaires.

We're jest a ho'nin' for de franchise, an' we might have had hit any time dese last forty years ef we had enough backbone in

us to riz up an' fought one good fight for hit; but instid of dat we'se set aroun' a-holdin' our hands, an' all dat we'se done is to say in a meek voice to men: "Please, sir, I don't lak to trouble yo', but ef you'd kindly pass me de ballot hit sho'ly would be agreeable to me."

An' instid of givin' hit to us men has kinder winked one eye to each odder an' 'sponded: "Lawd, she don't want hit. Co'se some day we'se got to give her her share of de estate, but we'll hold on to it ontil she comes after hit wid hay on her horns. Den we'll fork over to her in a hurry."

De day dat wimmen spunks up, an' rolls up deir sleeves an' says to deir husbands dat dere ain't gwine to be no mo' cookin' in dis house, nor darnin' of sox, nor patchin' of breeches, ontil dere is some female votin' doin', why, dat day de ballot will be fetched home to wimmen on a silver salver. All dat stands between wimmen an' suffrage is de lack of a spinal column.

Yassir, I say backbone-spinal column, an' most of de trouble in dis worl' dat wimmen has comes along of deir bein' born wid a wish-bone instid of a backbone, but I lay dey can't help hit. Hit's all de fault of de way dey was made. But whut I'd lak to know is dis, why wimmen didn't get a show at Adam's backbone instid of his chest-protector?

BEST FOR YOU AND BEST FOR ME.

In the steamer, O my darling! when the foghorns scream and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward softly come and softly go.
When the passengers are groaning with a deep and sincere woe,
Will you think of me and love me, as you did not long ago?
In the cabin, O my darling! think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you in the middle of our tea:
I was seized with a sudden longing to gaze upon the damp, deep sea—
It was best to leave you then, dear; best for you and best for me.

WITH WASHINGTON ON THE DELAWARE.

EDWIN A. WELTY.

I'LL tell you now a story whose scenes a bright look wear
How with Washington's provincials I crossed the Delaware.
I was with the patriot army on that day so cold and gray,
When not thirty miles from Trenton it in winter quarters lay.

A wild snowstorm was raging, and the wind a fierce gale blew,
Cutting to our very marrow as our rags it whistled through.
On we tumbled 'mid the snowdrifts, and before 'twas fairly night,
We had reached an open country, and the river was in sight.

The orders soon were given, the boats with men were lined,
Our oarsmen seized the paddles, and the shore was left behind.

* * * * * *

We looked not on the river, our eyes were fixed away
Where Washington's tall figure loomed upward dark and gray.
Our weak boats groaned and quivered, yet not a boat was lost.
We soon had reached the landing, and the Delaware was crossed.

The shivering, half-clad soldiers in line again were drawn,
And we were close to Trenton at the first gray streaks of dawn.
We could hear the distant shouting of the Hessians, mad with wine,
And the eyes of every soldier with a purpose fiercer shine.

They were holding yet their revels of the Christmas scarcely passed,
But they little thought or reckoned that to some 'twould be the last.
We had seized their sleeping picket and upon our foe dashed down,
Just as Forrest's heavy cannon opened on them in the town.

'Twas a scene of wild confusion—half-dressed soldiers crowd the street,
While their officers are shouting, and the drums the roll-call beat.

Fiercely, then, we press upon them and our volleys swiftly pour,
While Sullivan's field-pieces answer Forrest's with a roar

Suddenly we see a horseman spurring hotly to the front;
Well we know both horse and rider come to bear the battle's brunt.
The gold lace on his shoulder marks an officer full well,
For it is the Hessian colonel of whose deeds we oft heard tell.

He soon a squadron rallied and with drawn sword, at their head,
The crimson-handed troopers he in person on us led.
Then came the clash of sabers, and I saw my comrade reel,
He fell from out his saddle pierced by their leader's steel.

My saber had been broken, my pistol missed its aim,
And with a shout of triumph, bold Rahl upon me came.
An officer was falling, I seized his dropping blade,
And ere it could be parried, a deadly thrust I made.

His sword drops from his fingers, he no longer guides his horse,
For the grenadier of Brunswick from his charger falls a corpse.
The Hessians were disheartened; some were captured, others dead,
And with terror, panic-stricken, the few survivors fled.

I turned my foaming charger, when the smoke-clouds cleared
away.
I saw an officer approaching upon a mottled bay.
"The General, sir, he wants you," said the aid-de-camp to me;
"You'll find him in that tent, sir, where yon fluttering flag you
see."

I halted by the General, at his side stood Knox and Stark;
He was engaged in writing, when my entrance he did mark.
"Your brave deeds in this battle deserve my thanks full well,
But a captaincy of rifles my thanks can better tell."

He beckoned to a soldier, for my thoughts he clearly read.
"Show the Captain of the Rifles to Lord Stirling's tent," he said.
Then a mist rose up before me and I sank upon the ground,
And for days and weeks together, I was dead to all around.

OPERATION SUCCESSFUL—PATIENT DEAD.

THEY sawed off his arms and his legs,
They took out his jugular vein,
They put fancy frills on his lungs,
And they deftly extracted his brain.
'Twas a triumph of surgical skill,
Such as never was heard of till then;
'Twas the subject of lectures before
Conventions of medical men.
The news of this wonderful thing
Was heralded far and wide,
But as for the patient there's nothing to say,
Excepting, of course, that he died.

HIS COURIER.

O. HENRY.

IT was neither the season nor the hour when the park had frequenters; and it is likely that the young lady, who was seated on one of the benches at the side of the walk, had merely obeyed a sudden impulse to sit for a while and enjoy a foretaste of coming spring.

She rested there, pensive and still. A certain melancholy that touched her countenance must have been of recent birth, for it had not yet altered the fine and youthful contours of her cheek, nor subdued the arch though resolute curve of her lips.

A tall young man came striding through the park along the path near which she sat. Behind him tagged a boy carrying a suit-case. At sight of the young lady, the man's face changed to red and back to pale again. He watched her countenance as he drew nearer, with hope and anxiety mingled on his own. He passed within a few yards of her, but he saw no evidence that she was aware of his presence or existence.

Some fifty yards further on he suddenly stopped and sat on a bench at one side. The boy dropped the suit-case and stared at him with wondering, shrewd eyes. The young man took out

his handkerchief and wiped his brow. It was a good handkerchief, a good brow, and the young man was good to look at. He said to the boy:

"I want you to take a message to that young lady on that bench. Tell her I am on my way to the station, to leave for San Francisco where I shall join that Alaska moose-hunting expedition. Tell her that, since she has commanded me neither to speak nor to write to her, I take this means of making one last appeal to her sense of justice, for the sake of what has been. Tell her that to condemn and discard one who has not deserved such treatment, without giving him her reasons or a chance to explain, is contrary to her nature, as I believe it to be. Tell her that I have thus, to a certain degree, disobeyed her injunctions, in the hope that she may yet be inclined to see justice done. Go, and tell her that."

The young man dropped a half-dollar into the boy's hand. The boy looked at him for a moment with bright, canny eyes out of a dirty, intelligent face, and then set off at a run. He approached the lady on the bench a little doubtfully, but unembarrassed. He touched the brim of the old plaid bicycle-cap perched on the back of his head. The lady looked at him coolly, without prejudice or favor.

"Lady," he said, "dat gent on de oder bench sent yer a song and dance by me. If yer don't know de guy, and he's tryin' to do de Johnny act, say de word, and I'll call a cop in t'ree minutes. If yer does know him, and he's on de square, w'y I'll spiel yer de bunch of hot air he sent yer."

The young lady betrayed a faint interest.

"A song and dance!" she said, in a deliberate, sweet voice that seemed to clothe her words in a diaphanous garment of impalpable irony. "A new idea—in the troubadour line, I suppose. I—used to know the gentleman who sent you, so I think it will hardly be necessary to call the police. You may execute your song and dance, but do not sing too loudly. It is a little early yet for open-air vaudeville, and we might attract attention."

"Awe," said the boy, with a shrug down the length of him, "yer know what I mean, lady. 'Tain't a turn, it's wind. He

told me to tell yer he's got his collars and cuffs in dat grip for a scoot clean out to 'Frisco. Den he's goin' to shoot snow-birds in de Klondike. He says yer told him not to send 'round no more pink notes nor come hangin' over de garden-gate, and he takes dis means of puttin' yer wise. He says yer refereed him out like a has-been, and never give him no chance to kick at de decision. He says yer swiped him, and never said why."

The slightly awakened interest in the young lady's eyes did not abate. Perhaps it was caused by either the originality or the audacity of the snow-bird hunter, in thus circumventing her express commands against the ordinary modes of communication. She fixed her eye on a statue standing disconsolate in the disheveled park, and spoke into the transmitter:

"Tell the gentleman that I need not repeat to him a description of my ideals. He knows what they have been and what they still are. So far as they touch on this case, absolute loyalty and truth are the ones paramount. Tell him that I have studied my own heart as well as one can, and I know its weakness as well as I do its needs. That is why I decline to hear his pleas, whatever they may be. I did not condemn him through hearsay or doubtful evidence, and that is why I made no charge. But, since he persists in hearing what he already well knows, you may convey the matter.

"Tell him that I entered the conservatory that evening from the rear, to cut a rose for my mother. Tell him I saw him and Miss Ashburton beneath the pink oleander. The tableau was pretty, but the pose and juxtaposition were too eloquent and evident to require explanation. I left the conservatory, and, at the same time, the rose and my ideal. You may carry that song and dance to your impresario."

"I'm shy on one word, lady. Jux—jux—put me wise on dat, will yer?"

"Juxtaposition—or you may call it propinquity—or, if you like, being rather too near for one maintaining the position of an ideal."

The gravel spun from beneath the boy's feet. He stood by the other bench. The man's eyes interrogated him, hungrily. The boy's were shining with the impersonal zeal of the translator.

"De lady says dat she's on to de fact dat gals is dead easy when a feller comes spielin' ghost stories and tryin' to make up, and dat's why she won't listen to no soft-soap. She says she caught yer dead to rights, huggin' a bunch o' calico in de hot-house. She side-stepped in to pull some posies and yer was squeezin' de oder gal to beat de band. She says it looked cute, all right all right, but it made her sick. She says yer better git busy, and make a sneak for de train."

The young man gave a low whistle and his eyes flashed with a sudden thought. His hand flew to the inside pocket of his coat, and drew out a handful of letters. Selecting one, he handed it to the boy, following it with a silver dollar from his vest-pocket.

"Give that letter to the lady," he said, "and ask her to read it. Tell her that it should explain the situation. Tell her that, if she had mingled a little trust with her conception of the ideal, much heartache might have been avoided. Tell her that the loyalty she prizes so much has never wavered. Tell her I am waiting for an answer."

The messenger stood before the lady.

"De gent says he's had de ski-bunk put on him widout no cause. He says he's no bum guy; and, lady, yer read dat letter, and I'll bet yer he's a white sport, all right."

The young lady unfolded the letter, somewhat doubtfully, and read it.

DEAR DR. ARNOLD: I want to thank you for your most kind and opportune aid to my daughter last Friday evening, when she was overcome by an attack of her old heart-trouble in the conservatory at Mrs. Waldron's reception. Had you not been near to catch her as she fell and to render proper attention, we might have lost her. I would be glad if you would call and undertake the treatment of her case. Gratefully yours,

ROBERT ASHBURTON.

The young lady refolded the letter, and handed it to the boy.

"De gent wants an answer," said the messenger. "Wot's de word?"

The lady's eyes suddenly flashed on him, bright, smiling and wet. "Tell that guy on the other bench," she said, with a happy, tremulous laugh, "that his girl wants him."

FLORIDA SONG.

SAMUEL A. HAMILTON.

[In dialect peculiar to the ex-slave nurses of the interior of Florida. Staccato 4-4. Staccato, rising inflection with first two lines of each verse; soft and soothing with last two lines. Swing hammock (having real baby or large doll in it) forward and backward twice to a line.]

'EIS e' mommie's baby boy,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack?
'E fill 'e house all up wi' joy,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E get up early in 'e mo'n,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack?
'E drink 'e milk, an' eat 'e co'n,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E pa e' take 'im to 'e ya'd,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack?
To catch 'e crab, 'e try 'im ha'd,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

'E runs 'im out upon 'e streets,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack?
'E patte's roun' in 'im's ba'e feets,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

W'en night 'e come, 'e lay 'im down,
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack?
An' sleep 'e slumber, soft an' soun',
Po' Jack—po' li'l' Jack!

CONFESSION OF THE KING'S MUSKETEER.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN ROHLFS.

CONFESS! I will confess; but first as thou
Dost love thine holy office, rise and look
From yonder grating opening on the bay,
And tell me—for my chains drag heavily—
If far away where sky and billow meet,
You see a scarlet pennon floating free.
Yes? then draw near and I will tell you all.

I loved her, if men call it love to give
Their soul in worship to a star of heaven;
She was my lord king's daughter, heir to crowns
And wearer of the purple from her birth,
While I—I was a simple musketeer,
A sword to be drawn freely in her cause,
But not to be wide brandished in her sight
Unless the hour demanded. Wherefore then
These chains, the gallows lifted in the court,
And all yon preparation for stern death?
Was I not found before her on my knees
Within the sacred precincts of her room?
I was.
But ere I lift the veil too high,
Look out once more and by the Christ you worship,
Tell me if yonder pennon which you see,
Holds on its course unstayed across the bay.
Yes? It is well; then listen.

For a year
I held my station close against her door,
And heard her steps go by me morn and night,
And never raised an eyelid. But one day,

I raised mine eyes and looked upon her face,
I did not see its beauty; for, fainter than the shade
Which falls from heaven's fleeciest summer-cloud
Upon a swaying oleander-bud,

And melts away again ev'n while you wonder
If 'tis a shadow or the blossom's richness,
A mist lay o'er its luster, and mine eyes
Saw but that mist, no more.
And when, as week joined week I heard her step,
Drag slowlier and slowlier down the hall,
My heart turned cold within me. Was it death?
Or marking how the gallants of the court
Crowded like moths of summer at her coming,
That evil worse than death, a hopeless love?
Laying a hand of ice upon my heart
I bent myself to watch. But although earth
Had lent her noblest, loftiest, and best
To make our court the stateliest in the world,
And gallants were as plenty as the pearls
Upon the royal diadem, she passed
Among them all as smiling and serene
As the high moon amid the clouds of even.
"It is not love," I said, "it must be death."

But on the morrow as I stood and watched
With heavy gaze the self-same crowd go by,
A quick form brushed me and a blossom fell
As from a restless hand against my foot,
And looking up, I saw the Count di Ferra
Turn for an instant from the crowd and fix
His eyes in wild entreaty upon mine.
Next moment, stealing on me like a ray
Of faintest moonlight through a prison's gloom,
I spied my royal princess. I could hear

Her breath come, go, painting alternately
Glad rose and fearful lily on her cheek,
And scarcely knowing what it was I did,
I stooped and raised the blossom from the ground,
And kneeling, dropped it in her open palm.
She took it; for a moment earth and heaven
Swam in one whirl about me, then a calm
Fell on my spirit, and I slowly rose,
Knowing as if an angel had proclaimed it,
That soon or late, on that day or another,
My life would follow in the blossom's wake.

At last it came. I had been at my post
Since heavy noon, and I was wondering why
The princess so delayed to venture forth,
When suddenly from where the fountains play
Down in the court, there broke upon my ears
A short, sharp cry, "Stand by there for your lives,
And let no one pass by on pain of death!"
It was the king's voice; but before mine eyes
Could turn within their sockets, the closed door
Which guarded the young princess from the world,
Swung on its noiseless hinges.
"I want," she said—
"The help of one who for my sake will brave
The shame and terror of a bitter death."

I did not tremble. Giving her look for look,
But stopping not for any mock of words,
I followed and stepped in and shut the door,
And heard it clang behind me.
I had no need to turn
My head to know whose form it was that stood
There. In her eyes his image burned,
And down through every fibre of her frame
The fervor and the purpose of a love

That dares all things, fears nought and devotes all,
Flashed like a flame.

"Madame," I cried, "your will!
Let me but know your will!"
"First hear my need.
I love the Count di Ferra; he is here:
We were to have been wedded ere the eve,
But some one has betrayed us. At the door
The king stands; in the court beneath us there,
Await three soldiers ready with drawn swords
To smite whoever leaps from out the casement;
Protect him! but first slay me where I stand,
That he, my father, seeing me lie low,
May stop to mourn and give him chance to fly."
And flinging all her beauty to the ground,
She knelt, my princess, knelt before my feet.

But I, scarce waiting for the smile she strove
To give me for a guerdon, for the sound
Of his quick passionate voice in wild disclaim,
Asked if men knew her lover. And she said,
"None on God's earth save we." Whereat at once
A great light spread itself within my soul,
And bidding her to thrust him out of sight,
I raised mine eyes and looked upon her face
For the last time on earth.

"Madame," I said,
"I love you. I have loved you all my life;
A musketeer has loved you all his life;
'Tis meet for such offence that he should die.
But you, remember you this thing and live.
That on the morrow at the hour of noon,
From out the port below us in the bay,

There sails a bark unto the shores of Greece,
Guided by men I know. Now, if so be
That all goes well, and you and he with faith
Fast wedded by some holy man of God,
Have gained a refuge in the little craft,
Uplift a scarlet pennon at the bow,
And let it float till out of sight of land.
Remember."

I knelt and took her robe within my hands
And kissed it, just as through the opening door
The king leaped in upon us. How he sprang
Like flame upon my throat, and how she swooned
Protesting wildly in my innocence,
It boots not now to tell. Enough that I
Was deemed by him her lover and immured
Within these dungeon walls.
But he was saved! and now I ask no more
But that yon scarlet pennon on the sea,
Sink from the wide horizon and be lost,
The hour I give my parting breath to heaven.

* * * *

His wish was granted. As the prison guns
Proclaimed to all the world the deed was done,
The little flag, that for so long a time
Had fluttered on the bosom of the bay,
Trembled from sight across the far horizon.

INSCRIPTION FOR TOBACCO JAR.

Come! don't refuse sweet Nicotina's aid,
  But woo the goddess through a yard of clay;
And soon you'll own she is the fairest maid
  To stifle pain and drive old Care away.
Nor deem it waste, what though the ash she burns,
  If for your outlay you get good Returns!

THEIR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY BREAKFAST.

ROMANTIC PATHETIC MONOLOGUE FOR MAN WAITER.

EDNA B. KENTON.

IT began five years ago. Five years ago yesterday a young couple sat at that table. He was tall and fine lookin', and she was as pretty as a bobolink, and the way she looked at him —of course, we'd spotted them as a bridal couple the minute we saw 'em. I took their order for breakfast, and it was all I could do to keep from smiling when I saw her smile. And every little while she'd straighten up and get sobered all over and try to keep down the dance in her eyes; but every time she looked at him she'd have to give it up. And him—he was just as bad. No use of her traveling dress that had been worn before, nor of his reading the paper. If everything else had been all right, his asking her whether she liked her steak rare or well done would have queered 'em. She was so pretty, and they were both so young, and so a year later it was quite easy for me to recognize them again.

Yes, one year later they came back and ate breakfast again at the same table. They seemed happy enough on the surface, but the new was worn off. She didn't have them half shy, half daring looks any longer. One year seems an awful short time to stop 'em off entirely, doesn't it? She was harder-like, and she had a sort of tiredness about her face; and he—well, cold lookin' about expresses him. Still they talked to each other, but it was like the sun shinin' on a rock in the winter time.

They both of 'em recognized me—my gray hair, I guess; and he spoke to me. Then he ordered their breakfast—the same they had the year before, and it was silly of me—but I can't tell you how I missed that question of his about the rare or done steak. Sometimes there's a deal of romance in a steak if *he* cuts it, or in a cup of coffee if *she* pours it out.

Well, they talked pretty steady through the meal until near the end. Right at the last I was refilling their glasses, and all of a sudden he spoke out.

"Well," he said, "it has been an experiment that has failed, hasn't it?" She kept quiet for a minute, then she looked straight at him. "It is as if that first breakfast had been kept for us all this year and then—warmed over! Come! It is a pity to have spoiled whatever sentiment there was a year ago for a sentimental whim."

She pushed back her chair, and the man helped her into her coat as if he was trying it on a model, and then they walked out. And some way, I felt as if I'd been standing by a grave.

The next year, awful late in the morning, he came in and walked over there and sat down, but he didn't stay but a minute, then he got up sudden-like and left. That night, though, he came back for dinner and sat there till people stared to see him, and then he went away. I'm not a believer in ghosts, but it made me feel as if the spirit of that dead thing that I'd seen buried the year before had been walking in the room. I worried about him quite a good deal, and I worried more because I noticed particularly that he wasn't in mourning—death isn't the hardest or worst thing in the world.

* * * * * *

Well they both came back yesterday, and I was that pleased. Yes, she was just as pretty, but quieter and sweeter. It was all quite like the morning five years ago. I'm an old fool, but when I heard him say, "Louise, it must always be rare, mustn't it?" I felt myself choke up. And her—she looked at him so happy and said, "Have you remembered that all these years?" He never said a word in answer, but sometimes you don't need words to talk. And his silence made her flush prettier than all his compliments and love-makings five years ago. I heard words about "Europe" from her and "South America" from him, and then talk that sounded like they were going to settle down here to live. But just as they got up and he was putting her into her coat—

and he'd lost all idea, I observed, of her being just a cloak model —she said, "The first breakfast wasn't so happy as this, dear." He bent down so low I was afraid he was going to—not that I'd blamed him, only it semed a pity for them both to be laughed at. But I guess he caught me looking at them; at any rate, I stepped forward, and said, "I hope I'll have the pleasure of attending you here next year—you and your lady." He looked surprised, but she remembered me right away, and if she's that sweet always as when she answered me, it's no wonder that he had to have her again.

I never realized till this morning that I'd worried so constant and heavy over that young couple. Oh, no. I don't know any of the hows and whys, and I don't care to know them. It's enough for me that they'll be back—next year.

BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Like all the rest, the management had bought it second-hand—
The op'ra-house piano in the one-night stand.

Some good performers in the past have gone the opium route,
Some counted "purple rabbits," too, before their "pipes" went out.
Cocaine has given some the right to look between the bars,
Where ev'ry one is very kind and treats the guests like stars.
John Barleycorn has made a lot of good ones quit the game,
And sundry other causes have brought music folk to shame.
But why my "wheels" are giving a performance that is grand—
The op'ra-house piano in the one-night stand.

P. S.—And the pedals are always broken.

PRIDE AND COST OF WAR.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

GLITTER of steel along the sunny street,
A strain of martial music clear and loud,
The stream of scarlet flowing like a tide
'Mid the wild cheering of the eager crowd,
The blazoned banners floating far and wide,
And sounding over all the measured beat—
Like rolling drums—of those exultant feet
That march to death or glory side by side.
Thus they go forth who never may return,
A deadly fever fills the nation's veins,
The fires of passion fierce and fiercer burn,
Till—as some captive panther bursts its chains—
Men stand amazed at that tremendous sight,
Empire 'gainst empire arming in its might.

This is the pride of war. Ah! who shall tell
The story's issue? 'Tis that redd'ning field
Across whose length a thirsty river runs,
Fed with their blood who knew not how to yield;

Who died 'mid cannon's smoke and roar of guns,
And trampling hosts that crushed them as they fell;
'Mid strife that turns the fair earth into hell,
Whilst Rachel's voice laments her glorious sons!
The death-wail sobs above the victor-song;
Such tears might tarnish even honor's prize,
And our sick hearts cry out, "How long! how long!
Lord God of Battles? When wilt Thou arise?
When shall Thy Kingdom come—Thy Righteous Law,
Healing the nations from the wounds of war?"

BURGLAR CAUGHT BY A WOMAN.

K. M. SULLIVAN.

MISS FROLIC sat up in bed, every curl-paper wagging with a species of satisfied apprehension—the long-expected burglar had come at last! She could hear him moving stealthily about the hall. In a twinkling she whisked into her dressing-gown and lit a candle. She even cast a glance at herself in the glass. With a final quirk to her gray ringlets, Miss Frolic crept to the banisters, and surveyed her visitor through the gloom; he appeared big enough to swallow her whole, and her heart sank. Suddenly she glided back into her room, took something shining from her drawer, and, with mouse-like movements, descended the back stairs. The burglar was in the dining-room, kneeling by the sideboard, intent upon transferring a silver teapot to his bag. All at once he started, gave a hoarse cry, and then crouched, trembling. A circle of cold steel was pressed against his ear

"Ketched—I own it," said the burglar.

"Set right still where yew air," advised Miss Frolic. "I ain't wall accustomed to firearms, an' this 'un is subjec' to goin' off impromptoo."

The burglar swore. Caught by a woman! There was an ominous click; his hair rose.

"Thar, ain't I tellin' yew, it's reel dangerous to trifle with an unsartin weapon like this."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Young man, I'm goin' to set right here till mornin'. Admirin' yewr back ha'r ain't an exaltin' occupation, but maybe ef, in the nex' four hours, I kin interdoose some moral principles inter its roots, I won't regret it."

He was completely in her power, and he knew it. Presently she drew a chair toward her with her foot and established herself thereon.

"Family man," she asked.

"Yah!"

"Bin long in the—the—business?"

"Pah!"

Miss Frolic relapsed into silence. . . . She was growing very tired. The clock struck three. The burglar feigned sleep, but Miss Frolic allowed the cold circle to nestle lovingly into his hair, and he sat up with a gurgle of fear. Twice Miss Frolic's lids fell over her straining eyes, and twice she lurched forward in her chair. . . . The gray dawn came, and with it steps upon the path. Suddenly the burglar knocked Miss Frolic's arm up.

"Ketchim!" shrieked she; and he dashed through the window, straight into the arms of the hired man.

Miss Frolic went to see him in jail, and they were quite friendly. As the burglar looked at her tiny form, he muttered:

"Done by that! But then, she had her weapon!"

"I calk-lated yew'd be interested in viewin' it, so I brought it along," said Miss Frolic, and held out—her curling tongs!

An old colored woman, seriously injured in railway accident, being urged by friends to sue the railroad for damages, scornfully replied: "I 'clar to gracious, ef I ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I'se wantin' now, an' what I'se done gwine to sue dat company foh, is *repairs*."

RAGS.

DRAMATIC PATHETIC STREET-GAMIN DIALECT MONOLOGUE FOR A BOY.

GEORGIANA BARBARA SUCH.

SCENE: District Court.

CHARACTERS: Ragged, crippled NEWSBOY, speaker present; JUDGE, supposed to be present. Dog RAGS, supposed to enter just at closing word, and to leap to embrace his master.

IS dis here de plice where dey tries de dorgs at, sir, yer Honor? Dorgs—all dem dorgs what ain't got no license tags, sir. I've come ter stand up fer me brudder, Rags. Yes, sir, yer Honor, I know he's here, 'cause I saw yer man swipe 'im an' bring 'im here, sir. Rags? He's a dorg, sir—but he's de on'y t'ing I got dat loves me, sir, in de whole woil. He's folks ter me, sir, yer Honor! Say, jest listen about 'im, won't yer?

It wuz this way, sir. Last year, when me favver got jugged, an' me muvver died, sir, me friend Jimmy 'dopted me fer pardner, even ef I hev got a peg-stick, sir, an' him an' me sold pipers in de Union Station, sir, yer Honor. An' dere wuz a little yeller purp that kept a-hangin' 'round, sir, an' the fellers all liked 'im, sir, an' we called 'im Rags. An' one orful cold day, sir, yer Honor, Rags he got kinder frisky, sir, an' he run out on the track, an' a engine, the four-eighteen ixpress, sir, it come all uv a suddint, sir, an' when it passed sir, there wuz Jimmy, sir, dead, an' Rags, 'e'd lost a trotter, sir—jest a little bundle of fur an' squeals an' blood, sir. I took 'im an' nursed 'im, sir, like dey did me at the 'orspital, sir, and he picked up, sir, an' soon larned ter kind uv trot 'round sir—sir, an' I 'dopted 'im fer a pardner, sir. Jimmy, he died ter save 'im, sir, yer Honor. An' I didn't hev no dough ter pay de tax jest yet, sir, so I kinder larned Rags ter cuddle in under de rug, sir, under me stand, an' he larned fine, sir, yer Honor? I wuz a-goin' ter pay, sir, when I could, but it's orful hard ter be hungry sir, an' me an' Raggsie alwuz went halves, sir, yer Honor!

An' dis mornin' de—de dorg-catcher man, he, he got—Rags—sir, yer Honor! He said he wuz a-goin' ter send 'im ter de pound, sir! Don't send 'im, don't—don't send 'im, sir! Rags is all de fam'ly what I got, sir. He's me own pardner, sir! Yer won't send 'im away, will yer, sir? Please, sir, don't, don't! It kinder seems as do' there warn't nothin' much good, ef Rags, me own Rags, is goin' ter go ter de pound! Ah, sir, say yer won't, please, please, sir! I'll work fer yer all me life, I'll guv yer all yer pipers free, I'll do anyt'ing, sir, ef yer don't send Rags, sir! He's heaven an' 'eart' ter me, sir! I'm jest achin' ter feel 'is little, cold, wet nose along of me cheek, sir—ah, sir, ye've a dorg ter home, sir, a great grand feller wid a dozen license tags ef he wants 'em, sir, that's wort t'ree uv Rags in size sir, but yer can't love 'im any more, sir! Ah, say yer won't, fer he'ven's sake, sir, yer Honor, say yer won't kill me own folks, fer Rags is all de folks I got, sir!

What! Yer—yer won't—sir, sir, yer Honor! Yer'll guv me a chanst ter pay de fine, sir, an' a ticket ter a free license fer five years? Oh, sir, Rags'll t'ank yer better 'n me—where is he, sir?

* * * * * *

Me own Raggsie! Raggsie!

"WAR IS HELL."

DAVID B. PAGE.

"War is hell."
Ah well!
We pray, *"Our Father,*
Thy kingdom come,"
Then build our ships
And forge our guns
To kill thy sons;
Our brothers.
Then pray, that Thou wilt well
Direct our shot and shell,

And give us help
In making hell.
"*War is hell.*"
Ah well!
"*Peace on earth*"
The angels sang.
Ah Christ, we worship Thee
Mid clang of arms
And battle's roar,
Where hate and wrath
Shed human gore.
And think we serve Thee well
With cruel shot and deadly shell
In making hell.
"*War is hell.*"
Ah well!
"God is love" we say.
To Him we pray
To win the day,
To help us slay—
That we may well
Perform our part
In making hell.
"*War is hell.*"
Ah well!
"*Thy will be done on earth.*"
Not yet.
Unless the prayers we raise.
God will not change our ways.
Man causes all man's woe.
Man is man's friend or foe.
His to say, war or no,
His to stop shot and shell,
His to quit making hell.

CONTRASTED VALENTINES.

KATE T. BARROW.

"O GRANDMA, see my valentine. In wonder I am lost,
A-thinking how much money this artistic thing did cost."

"Come nearer to the light, my child, that I may view it well,
And guess if honest, lasting love, it really means to tell."

"You see that little Cupid flying swiftly through the air,
Above a lovely golden heart, that holds an arrow there;
This regal bunch of roses red, these languid lilies white,
Daisies and forget-me-nots and pansies, too, so bright?
Why, grandma, are you crying? Here's a teardrop on the rhyme.
Does mem'ry make you sad to-day with thoughts of olden time?"

"Ah, child, old hearts are tender, too, and long sometimes for youth,
For loving words and pretty things and sweetheart days, in truth.
I once received a valentine, sent by a dashing beau;
I never can forget it, though 'twas forty years ago.
You run upstairs and bring to me that little box and keys;
I'll show you my first valentine—you'll promise not to tease?"

Sweet Kitty is so joyful at a glimpse of real romance,
She hurries back to grandma, humming bits of song and dance.
Out comes a bunch of letters of a dingy, yellow hue,
All nicely tied together with a faded ribbon blue.
The valentine comes last of all and softly flutters out—
It's just a sheet of foolscap-paper time has fringed about.

"You read it to me, Kitty, dear," says grandma with a sigh.
Her dear old heart a-tremble and a twinkle in her eye:

"'I love a little maiden;
She's sweet as she can be;
Just look into the mirror
That maiden for to see.'"

With merry laugh says Kitty: "Oh, in wonder I am lost,
To think how very much of thought that valentine did cost!
Who sent it to you, grandma? Sure, you must have loved him well,
To keep a bit of paper so. Now really won't you tell?"
"I've surely loved him fond and true full many a happy year,
For he who wrote those verses rare is your own grandpa, dear."
"Yes, I am he," said grandpa, who had slipped in at the door,
"And she has been my valentine these forty years and more.
Ah, Kitty, child, your valentine does show the money part:
Now just you wait 'till you get one that's written from the heart.
These modern things artistic, with such highly-polished rhyme,
Don't carry love to last, dear, like those of olden time."

BABY'S UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

LOUISE MALLOY.

THE manager threw the manuscript down upon the table, and gave two or three satisfied puffs at his cigar.

"We've got a winner there, Colby."

The stage-manager took up the manuscript and looked over the list of characters.

"Looks like it—if you get the right people, but it calls for a strong company."

"Oh, I won't spare expense. I'm going to give it a production that will make it the talk of New York."

Colby looked keenly at his chief. "You've got to have the best. I know they're all high-priced, but it will pay you to engage them."

"How about *Lady Clare?*" asked the manager. "It's the star role of the piece. I know of only one woman who can play it as it should be played, and has the looks to go with it; that's Edith Kingsley."

The stage-manager shrugged his shoulders. "Her declination was very decided."

"I've known women to change their minds occasionally. Kingsley had the world at her feet when she married and retired two years ago. She's had time to think it over, my boy; the novelty of private bliss must have worn off somewhat by this time."

"I'll see Kingsley to-day."

Two hours later he was ushered into the pretty drawing-room of a house in a fashionable quarter of the city. "She's got all the money she wants," he thought, "but money isn't everything to an ambitious woman."

He took up a large tinted photograph of a beautiful girl in *Juliet's* bridal robes.

"H'm, she hasn't forgotten her old triumphs—a sure sign she isn't quite done with new ones."

He rose to greet his old star.

"My dear Miss Kingsley—I beg pardon, Mrs. Arnold—I have come in person to urge the offer I made you in my letter."

"But I answered your letter. I am happily married—my old ambitions are dead."

The manager's eyes turned in a swift glance towards the *Juliet* photograph.

Her voice dropped suddenly. "I never had a home before—I lived on the stage."

"Best child actress we ever had," promptly broke in the manager. "Now, listen to me." He pulled out his watch. "Will you give me half an hour? I want to show you what you are throwing away."

When his half hour was ended, he felt that he had made good use of it. As she held out her hand, she said, "You have spoken very persuasively, but I cannot answer you at once. I have a friend, a very dear friend, whom I must consult. I will tell him all you have said, and will abide by his decision. Come to-morrow, and you shall have my answer."

The manager felt sure he had won when he went the next day for his answer.

"The woman isn't human if she resists it," he murmured, as

the tall, graceful figure he was mentally posing before the newspaper camera, entered.

"Well?" he said.

"I have consulted my adviser, and I am convinced that my original decision was best."

The manager groaned aloud. "My dear Mrs. Arnold, I think if I could see your friend and talk to him, I could convince him that you are making a mistake. You do not object to my calling on him?"

"Not at all. Will you come with me?"

The manager followed her, mystified. She threw open a door, and they entered a large room, flooded with sunshine.

"Here is my friend, Mr. Hunt. He is ready to hear all your arguments."

The manager found himself standing at a little crib in which lay a round, rosy baby. "The gentleman wants to talk to you, darling," she said.

The baby's bright eyes looked up at them; then, as he saw his mother's face, he gurgled; the fat little fists clutched eagerly at her.

"Mam-mam-mam!" he cooed.

She turned to the manager. "Mr. Hunt, can you answer that argument?"

"My dear madam, this is hardly fair——"

"By-by," said the baby.

PORTO RICAN SENORITA.

O NEGRA are her tresses,
Obscura are her eyes;
Her delicada dresses
Set off her poca size;
I feel that I could eat her,
So grata is her smile—
La Senorita Nita,
Of Puerto Rico Isle.

I know six words of Spanish,
  She knows three English words;
But we all language banish
  And twitter like the birds.
Our courting, it is cooing;
  Our tender glances speak
(Sufficient for our wooing)
  The best of Volapuk.

O, raven are her tresses,
  And dark her dreamy eyes;
I'm sure her dainty dresses
  Set off her slender size;
I feel that I could eat her,
  So sweet I find her smile—
The Senorita Nita,
  Of Puerto Rico Isle.

CUPID'S EXCHANGE.

KATE A. BRADLEY.

THEY both were square, cream-tinted missives,
  Addressed in scarce readable hand,
But one said, "Miss Kathryn Melvaney,"
  One, "Miss K. Muldoney" did stand.
So who could be blaming the postman
  Whose bag overflowed with love's lore,
When one he gave out to the footman,
  One, left at the area door,

If he happened, not looking too closely,
  To leave for the heiress in state
The poor little love-missive Barney
  Had sent to the cook, Irish Kate;
And gave to sweet, rosy-cheeked Katie

The poem that Cupid had meant
To draw from the heart of the beauty,
The love he knew there was impent.

"Dear, you know I love you—
I needn't say it more;
But tell me you'll be mine
And I'll win gold galore,
And at your feet I'll all
My love and riches pour!"

Defective she knew was the meter,
But naught cared the heiress for that!
The love-light shone o'er her proud features—
Ah, Cupid knew what he was at!
"I'm rich—he is poor," she said, softly,
"Nor dares dream his love I'd requite.
I know now he loves me—I'll show him
My heart's in his keeping to-night."

Below stairs fair Katie was reading
A letter that soared high above
The little she knew about syntax—
But said not a word about love.
"Faith, this Oi don't call a love-letter!"
She cried. "It is all about flowers,
An' birds, an' the clouds, an' the breezes!
Oi've washted wellnigh on two hours

"A-tryin' to rade the quare writin';
But, Barney, ye wrote it so foine,
It's about made me think Oi'd best take ye
To-night, fer me own valentoine!"
And the mistress that wooed her proud lover
With shy, happy blush, and the maid,
Ne'er knew how the god had befooled them,
Or what a sly trick he had played.

had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago for one thousand dollars by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins's back office, got my trunk in there and put on an old suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one; took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front ard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been t down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked aller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and ng the bell. Mother came to the door and said:

"We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir."

Neatly dressed, she was but a patch and a darn here and there, r hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. t over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. tood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw e blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herelf upon me, crying: "It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!"

Then I cried too. I broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted: "George!"

Father called from the depths of the kitchen: "What do you want, Car'line?"

Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out hand and grasped mine, and said sternly: "Well, young man, you propose to behave yourself, now?" He tried to put on a e front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped ool-children, all whimpering. At last supper-time came and her went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York."

"What are you working at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm working in a dry-goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of city clerks who don't get enough money to keep body and soul to-

gether. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've nothing but roast spareribs for supper. We haven't any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond, to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week, and not a cent to meet it with —just eight hundred dollars. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home. At last nine o'clock came and father said: "Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing."

I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed.

Father called me at half-past four in the morning, and while he was doing the chores I skipped over to the depot across lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling-line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling-line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. I never saw a man catch fish like he did. He caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for one thousand dollars in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in five and ten-dollar bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old school-mates for two hours, and went home. The roast was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear

coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it. and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, "And we haven't had any coffee in a year, excepting the times when we went a-visiting."

Then she poured out the coffee, and lifted the cover of the sugar-bowl, asking as she did so, "How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?"

Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. "Aha, master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys."

Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there, on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, "Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide."

Then she fainted away. There's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, "My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!"

I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back again to New York.

I am going to send fifty dollars home every week. I tell you, it's mighty nice to have a home, and a man can never get money enough to pay him for forgetting his mother.

EASTER CAROL.

The little flow'rs are waking, and birds begin to sing,
With happy hearts we're bringing bright greeting to the spring.
Our lives are full of sunshine, our hearts are full of praise,
'Tis Easter, Easter, Easter, the happiest of days!

FIRST TIME I KISSED SARY.

NIXON WATERMAN.

THE first time I kissed Sary—well, it sort o' seems to me
As if that happy incident took place just yesterday;
An' though 'twas fifty years ago, to this day I ken shet
My eyes an' think about it an' kin fairly taste it yet.
I'd been her stiddy company fur purty nigh a year,
I'd taken her to spellin'-schools an' doin's fur an' near—
But she—well, many fellers would 'a' said she was contrary,
An' I half thought so, too, until the first time I kissed Sary.

Lord knows how many girls I'd kissed! an' it was my idee
When first we met I'd kiss her, too, but she said, "No, siree!"
I'd never dreamed of such an independent miss before,
An' though she always had her way, I loved her more an' more.
But finally, one Sunday night, somewhere along in June,
As we was walkin' home from church an' lookin' at the moon—
Its light a-restin' on her lips as red as any cherry—
I asked her if she'd wed—an' then's the first time I kissed Sary.

How years do go a-skurryin' round! an' yet somehow to me
It seems as though our love's as young as what it used to be.
Fur she an' me have steadfast been through sunshine an' through clouds;
Her hands have fashioned baby clothes, an' weddin'-gowns an' shrouds.
But paths have all been pleasant in each other's sunny smile.
Some dewy flower gladdens us on every dusty mile;
An' of the many varied days I wouldn't alter nary
A one that God has sent us since the first time I kissed Sary.

LOVESICK YOUTH. Darling, what deed of daring will prove my love for you?

SHE. Well, you might speak to papa.

BULL-TERRIER—FROST.

BULL terrier? Sure; she's a white 'un—there ain't no other breed—
Frolic around you in sunshine, murder in time o' need.
Soul? O' course, she ain't got none. A dog with a soul, gee whiz!
We folks, so the preachers tell us, has all the souls that there is.
The thief has a soul, and the pander; the wife-beater, he has a soul;
But Frost! o' course not; she ain't on the lordly roll.
A dog when it dies, so they tell us, well, that dog is just plain dead,
But we lofty human beings has eternity ahead.
And this Frost, she ain't fitted, like us folks, for to enter into that same,
For she only minds her own business and raises her pups to be game.

The world has millions o' humans a-whinin' to thousands o' gods,
While this Frost asks nothin' from no one, whatever the bloomin' odds.
She never goes back on a pal, and there's nothin' can make her quit,
Not if you chopped her to pieces and burned her bit by bit.
But, o' course, when she dies she's a dead one. I have to go it alone,
And I ain't so keen on facin' the shadowy trail on my own.
Still, if ever I fluke into heaven, I'll bet I hain't long to wait
Till that blame little Frost comes smashin' right through the pearly gate.
St. Peter could never stop her, not if she gets a start,
And if ever he looks in them eyes, I doubt if he'd have the heart.

This Frost, the preachers tell us, has no soul, and maybe it's true,
Though I knows the white on her jacket runs plumb clear all the way through,

Which is more'n I'd say of some humans possessed of immortal souls—
Well, loyalty maybe is foolish; it surely don't fatten no rolls.
And Frost, I guess, is a fool, and don't know her way about,
For she'll stick, while your friends forget you as soon as you're down and out.
So, according to what they tell us, I'll have to say good-by
To the game little pal of a white 'un when it comes my time to die.
That's right, I suppose; but if ever she thinks that I need her—well,
That Frost 'll knock down the devil and swim through the flames of hell.

CHRISTMAS IN COONEY CAMP.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

IT was Christmas eve. The men of Cooney Camp were preparing to celebrate when in rushed Jack.

"Hark!" he shouted. "There's a man in this yar camp ez wants thumpin'. When I cum past Cracknose Smith's jest now, blame me ef he warn't layin' drunk ez a loon, with his woman, an' thet little kid jest a-lookin' at him with them big eyes of hern. Somethin' orter be did."

"I moves," said one, "that we sends up a kermithy."

"Kermithy, the only kermithy yer want is a kermithy to go up thar an' thump the life out of Smith, an' I app'ints myself as cheerman of said kermithy. Is they any remarks? Ef not, them ez stands by it say aye!"

There was a loud chorus of "aye!" Jack appointed two other members of the "kermithy," and the three worthies started out.

A bright light shone from the window of Smith's house, and the "kermithy" stole by the corner and held a whispered consultation. Then Jack stepped up to the window and looked in.

Presently his hand stole up and took off his cap. The other members of the "kermithy" looked over Jack's shoulder. The little "kid" was just going to bed, and was saying her prayers. At the back of the room lay Cracknose, in a drunken sleep. In front sat the mother, listening to the little girl. The child went slowly through "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then began a prayer of her own: "Dod bess ev'ybody, and pease let old Santy Caus put a dolly in my stockin'—dood-night." The audience outside stole silently back to the shanty.

"Who is this yer Santy Claus?" said Jack.

"Wall, he's a man; an ole man, ye see——"

"Wall," put in Jack, "he wants ter bring thet doll-baby ternight, or I'll lick him."

"But ye can't do it," said one.

"Can't!" yelled Jack. "Who says I can't? How big is he? What'll he weigh?"

"But ye see," explained Frank, "he ain't no man at all; only a kinder—wall, a kinder thing ez comes round an' fills the kids' stockin's—only he don't fill 'em at all, ye see. Ye see the folks they puts the truck in themselves, an' then 'lows ter the kids thet this yer Santy Claus must have done it. The kids they kinder takes it all in."

"An' so this yer hull bizness is a 'give' on thet kid, is it? Wall, ez the woman ain't got no doll-baby fer the kid, an' ez Santy Claus ain't nothin', I'm jest gonter fill thet stockin' myself. Who'll walk ter Crystal with me an' git some truck fer it?"

Crystal was ten miles away. The men plunged ahead. Presently Jack said:

"Wot fools we be, aint we, jest fer a kid? It beats all. Ye see some one hez ben swappin' lies with thet kid, an' she takes it all in. The lie's told, an', bless me, ef I don't stand by it. She'll find out soon nuff thet this yer Santy Claus is a fraud, an' I'm in fer makin' her think he's all straight ez long ez I kin. This yer Santy Claus in this yer play comes down the chimbly. Wall, thar ain't no chimbly ter thet shanty, nuthin' but a stove-pipe.

I'll 'low thet I'll jab a hole through the ruff with my axe, so we kin carry out the hull play."

On they pressed till at last they hurried down the one street of the village. Jack stopped before a small log-house, and began a vigorous kicking upon its door.

"Open up," roared Jack. "We wanter git some Chris'mas truck, so open up yer door, or I'll kick it down."

In a short time the owner appeared and bade them enter.

After careful search they found a few nuts, an old jew's-harp, a jumping-jack with only one leg which could be induced to jump, a tin-whistle with a most melancholy sound, a large orange, and a few ounces of cheap candy. Jack was determined to find a doll.

"The kid wants a doll-baby, an' hang me ef she don't hev it ef I hev to walk fifty miles fer it."

The merchant, evidently anxious to return to bed, suggested that his wife could "kinder slip a sorter dress like onter the jumping-jack so it could pass fer a doll-baby."

"Ye don't ring no jumpin'-jack with one sound leg off onter me. I tell ye I want a doll-baby with two sound legs an' plenty of fixin's."

Just at this point the merchant's wife came down, and Jack told her the story of the little girl's prayer. The woman thoughtfully pulled back an old blanket that hung at one end of the room and pointed to a bed in which lay two children asleep. Over their heads hung two little stockings, crowded full. She took a package from one of the stockings, and handed it to Jack. "Here is a doll for you. It's the best we can do."

Jack and Frank gathered their treasures, and at last crept up to the little house. They pushed open the door and entered silently. Smith lay as before. His wife was sleeping in her chair. The little girl lay asleep, her pretty hair straggling over the pillow. Jack hastily thrust the few simple presents into the stocking. The stocking was full, and yet he lingered. The orange could not be induced to enter the stocking, so he laid it on the pillow by the side of the little sleeper. Moved by a sudden im-

pulse, he bent over and kissed the tiny mouth. The little one woke. "Is you Santy Claus?"

"No! be hanged ef I be," said Jack, and stole from the cabin. Jack growled to Frank:

"Ef ye tell the boys of thet I'll lick ye till ye can't see."

* * * * * *

The Christmas sun came dancing over the tree-tops. Quite a number of the boys were already at Smith's when Jack strolled in and sat down. The little maid gathered up her treasures, and stood by his knee. She was loud in her praise of Santa Claus. She had seen him, too. She was awake, she said, while he was filling the stocking and he looked, she thought, very much like Jack. Jack made haste to throw her off the track.

"Ye see," said he, "I run onter this yer Santy Claus myself last night. I cum out of the shanty about twelve o'clock, an' I seen a man climbin' on the ruff of yer house. I 'lowed it might be Santy, so I jest slipped behind a stump and watched him. Sure 'nuff it was Santy. He had a big bag on his back, chuck full of all kinds of truck. He had on a fur hat, and a kinder shirt made out of skin, an' a pair of light 'pickydilly' pants, an' a pair of rubber boots. He clum along the ridge-pole, an' kinder stopped by the stove-pipe jest like he wuz cumin' down. He histed up one foot an' stuck it inter the pipe, but thar it stuck. It wouldn't go down, an' Santy he jest yanked it out, an' jumped up an' down, he wuz so mad. Then he cum down from the ruff, an' kinder pushed agin the door an' went in. I 'low he must have filled the stockin' then. Then he cum out an' started down the road playin' a tune on jest sech a jew's-harp ez this one here. I 'low it must hev ben the mate to it."

Jack walked unconcernedly out of Smith's home and returned to his own shanty.

Frank sat writing. Jack broke in with:

"It kinder strikes me thet this yer doll-baby thet us two brung from Crystal last night is too slim fer sech a kid. I'd like ter git a doll-baby with fillygrees an' fixin's. Now, ef you knows

any wimmin ez kin give us some p'ints on sech things, why can't ye jest line out the idees and draw the p'ints? Then we kin kinder keep the thing hot, an' cook up some story about meetin' Santy Claus ag'in an' gittin' another doll-baby out of him."

Frank wrote a letter to his mother. Two weeks had gone by since Santa Claus came wandering into Cooney Camp. The candy and orange had long since gone the way of their kind. The jumping-jack had kicked his one sound leg completely off. Santa Claus himself could hardly have extracted a tune from the jew's-harp, while Cracknose had accidentally stepped on the tin whistle, and reduced it to a squeak. The poor doll-baby had fallen and broken her nose off. Just at this time a bundle arrived for Frank.

"I 'low somebody's sent ye a box of cigars. I smoke onct or twice a year," suggested Bill.

Frank removed the cover and revealed a beautiful doll, dressed in the height of fashion. A little slip of paper lay in the box: "For the little girl in the camp who prayed Santa Claus to send her a dolly."

Jack announced his intention of taking it to the "kid" at once.

"Ye see," he argued, "I hev ben swappin' yarns with the kid afore, an' I kin kinder keep the thing hot. I'll tell the story, an' don't one of ye say a word, or I'll lick him."

Most of the crowd followed Jack. The little one opened the box with wondering eyes.

"Ye see," said Jack, "when I ketched this yer Santy Claus on the ruff here a couple of weeks ago, I didn't say nuthin', but it seemed to me thet the doll-baby he sent wuz pretty slim. He had a big bag on his back. Thar wuz lots of big doll-babies thar with rale hair an' all the fillygrees. 'Twarn't none of my bizness, but I sez ter myself, ef I ever see him agin, I'll jest tech him up a bit. I wuz out in t'.e woods ter-day, an' ef I didn't come plumb onter him! I knowed him by his pickydilly pants. I jest went up an' sez, 'Hev yer got any terbacker?' He sed he had, an' opens his bag ter find some. When he opens it I see inside ez fine

JAMESIO. Ah, it is you here that now I see.

MAGGIOLI. Yes, it is I now that here you see.

JAM. Once more again I thee meet.

MAG. 'Tis true. It I can not deny.

JAM. Oh, most beauteous thou, is it not that my heart beats at sight of thee?

MAG. Joy! Joy! He me doth love, even so as I should it wish to be.

JAM. Tell me, what bringest thou here that I should already meet thee yet?

MAG. Listen!

JAM. Yes, yes.

MAG. I am shopping.

JAM. She here is shopping.

MAG. Noble sir, you have my inmost thoughts discerned, and knowest now that I am here, even that I may my shopping do.

JAM. What wouldst thou purchase?

MAG. He asks me! He asks me!

JAM. I repeat it once yet, O beauteous Maggioli, what wouldst thou purchase here that I find thee now? Answer!

MAG. Ah, dare I tell this noble gentleman what? Dare I? Dare I?

JAM. Speak! Dost thou not observe that soon I am impatient!

MAG. Then I must tell.

JAM. Now she must tell.

MAG. Listen! I come to buy a yard and three-quarters of salmon ruching.

Merciful heavens! Wouldst thou now have it that my [illegible]ak?

[illegible]e! Oh, how much now in my heart do I the [illegible]

[illegible]! Thou toldst me even yesterday it wouldst purchase.

AIR: "MAGGIOLI IS UNTRUE."
(By Jamesio.)

Maggioli is untrue now that she comes
Here—to where I do see her now
That she would by her nature to deceive
—Oh, sorrow now that I do know
She did I love even with my soul,
Now that in the happy days gone by
When I to her did my affection tell.

MAG. List! I can explain!

JAM. No—no. I have not the time. Seest thou not I am busy? I am away!

MAG. Oh, to you do I ask that you shall not leave me in anger.

JAM. 'Tis so.

MAG. Do not the words repeat.

JAM. 'Tis so again.

MAG. Oh, accursed ruching! Now in deep penitence behold me.

JAM. My love to hate has turned for thee, Maggioli.

MAG. Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow!

DUET: "ALL IS NOW OFF."
(By Jamesio and Maggioli.)

All is now off, and we shall each
Soon to the other his or her presents return
That in the glad days joys seemed bright.
Ere that sorrow soon shall be.
When in the vows of true affection,
Each to the other would that it should be,
Even so before this dire misfortune
Which it will be to separate.

MAG. You would not away?

JAM. Even so, and now without de'

MAG. To where wouldst gnes

JAM. Dare I tell her?

MAG. Will he tell me?
JAM. Dare I tell her?
MAG. Will he tell me?
JAM. Insistest thouest?
MAG. I dost.
JAM. Then hark, even that I should say it where I am going.
MAG. Aha! He speaks!
JAM. I go—must I speak?
MAG. Yes—yes.
JAM. I go—to the matinee!
MAG. You—to the matinee?
JAM. I—to the matinee.
MAG. Alone goest thou?
JAM. Quite so.

AIR: "HE TO THE MATINEE."
(By Maggioli.)

He to the matinee now departest,
Where in enjoyment there to enjoy himself.
While I—most unhappy one,
Here to work hour upon hour
That I may buy yet my ruching.
Oh, that he should desert me,
So that my heart is thus beating for him
Seems it not more to be cruel?

JAM. Enough, Maggioli, I must quit thee.
MAG. Duckest thou, love?
JAM. Even so.
MAG. Oh, heart of stone, canst thou not sometimes yield?
[illegible] Nay, nay.
[illegible] nce?
[illegible] or twice.
[illegible] hat matterest it thou to thee?
[illegible] I did speak. Farewell!

MAG. Leave me not! Look! I have gold! This will I spend even for sweet confections.

JAM. Temptress! No, no! Me you can not dissuade. Now to the matinee goest I.

MAG. Jamesio! Pardoni mio, pleasio!

JAM. Away!

MAG. Help! Help! Watch me! I faint!

JAM. She faints. I must away!

MAG. [*again kneeling*]. Here again would I tell all that you may know it is not as it would seem. Ask me! Jamesio!

JAM. No—no! Again—I go. Farewell!

MAG. Jamesio! Hey! [*Whistles at him.*]

[*He rushes away with both arms in the air. She falls on sidewalk in dead faint.*]

MY SHIPS.

(My Love Ship.)

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IF all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me:
If half my ships came home to me,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well, I should have wealth as great,
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be,
In half my ships now out at sea.
If but one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the storm-clouds then mi
For if the others all went dow
Still rich and glad
If that *one sh*

MRS. T. I think I smell smoke.
MR. T. She thinks she smells smoke.
MRS. T. I think I smell smoke.
MR. T. Oh, what is this? She thinks she smells smoke.
MRS. T. What does it mean?
What does it mean?
This smell of smoke may indicate
That we'll be burned. Oh, awful fate
That we'll be burned.
Oh-h-h-h-h, awful fate
MR. T. Behold the smell grows stronger yet,
The house is burning. I'd regret
To perish in the curling flames.
Oh, horror! Oh, horror! Oh, horror!
MR. *and* MRS. T. [*Duet.*]
Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot.
Sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
To perish in the flames so hot,
To curl and writhe and fry and sizz.
Oh, what an awful thing it is
To think of such a thing.
MRS. T. We must escape.
MR. T. Yes, yes; we must escape.
MRS. T. We have no time to lose
MR. T. Ah, bitter truth! Ah, bitter truth!
We have no time to lose.
MR. *and* MRS. T. [*Duet, as above.*]
MR. T. Hark! What is that?
MRS. T. Hark, hark! What is that?
MR. T. It is the alarm of fire.
MRS. T. Ah, yes! Ah, yes! It is the dreadful alarm.
MR. T. The dread alarm strikes on the ear
And chills me with an awful fear.
The house must burn; oh, can it be
That I must die in misery?

That I must die in misery?
That I must die in misery?
The house will burn; oh, can it be
That I must die in misery?

MRS. T. Come, let us fly.

MR. T. 'Tis well, 'tis well; we'll fly at once.

[*Enter all other residents of fifth floor. They range themselves in semi-circle behind* MR. *and* MRS. T.]

MR. T. Kind friends, I have some news to tell;
This house is burning, it is well
That we should haste ourselves away,
And save our lives without delay.
Oh, let us not remain too long, too long, too long.
Oh. let us not remain too long.

WOMEN OF THE CHORUS.
What is this he tells us?
It must be so.
The building is on fire
And we must go.

MEN OF THE CHORUS. [*Same as women.*]

GRAND CHORUS.
Oh, hasten; oh, hasten; oh, hasten away.
Our terror we could not conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel.

MR. *and* MRS. T. [*Duet.*]
Ah-h-h language cannot express the fear
That in our hearts we feel.

[*Enter* JANITOR.]

JANITOR. Hold! I am here!

MR. T. Ah, it is the janitor.

MRS. T. Can I believe my senses,
Or am I going mad?
It is the janitor,
It is indeed the janitor.

JANITOR. Such news I have to tell.
MR. T. Ah, I might have known
He has some news to tell.
MRS. T. Speak and break the awful suspense.
MR. T. Yes, speak.
JANITOR. I come to inform you
That you must quickly fly;
The fearful blaze is spreading;
To tarry is to die.
The floors underneath you are completely burned away;
They cannot save the building—so now escape, I pray.
The flames are roaring loudly—
Oh, what a dreadful sound;
You can hear the people shrieking
As they leap and strike the ground.
Oh, horror overtakes me,
And I merely pause to say
That the building's doomed for certain—
So haste, oh haste away.
MRS. T. Oh, awful message! How it chills my heart,
Yet we will sing a few more arias
Before we depart.
MR. T. Yes, yes! A few more arias
And then away.
GRAND CHORUS.
Oh hasten, oh hasten, oh hasten away.
Our terror we could not conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel.
MRS. T. Now, ere I retreat
Lest death overtake me,
I'll speak of the fear

Which convulses and shakes me.
I sicken to think of what may befall
Oh, horror, horror, horror.

MR. T. The woman speaks the truth
And there can be no doubt
That we will perish soon
Unless we all clear out.

GRAND CHORUS.
Oh, hasten, etc.

This is as far as Mr. T. could go. He didn't want to make his principals actually "hasten away," as that would be a violation of grand opera tradition. His theory is that they remained and were burned.

SONG OF THE PEAR-TREE.

TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED BY EDWIN STAR BELKNAP.

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(This recital, with musical background by Harvey Worthington Loomis, is published also in sheet music form for $1.50, by the Publishers of this book.)

A PEAR-TREE stood at the end of the village. In the spring-time it seemed like a nose-gay of flowers. The gardener's lodge stood back from the road. The gardener's daughter was called Perrine. We were lovers. She was sixteen. What roses in her cheeks! As many blossoms as there were on the pear-tree.

It was beneath the pear-tree that I said to her: "Perrine, my Perrine, when will you marry me?" Everything smiled about her: her hair, in which the wind played gently; her figure, her bare feet in their little wooden-shoes; her hands, which drew down the overhanging boughs to breathe in the perfume of the flowers; her pure brow; her teeth, white between her red lips. Ah! I loved her dearly!

"Our wedding will be in the harvest-time," she said, "if the Emperor does not carry you off as a soldier."

When the day for the drawing of lots arrived, I lighted a taper; the idea of leaving her was more than I could bear. The Holy Virgin be praised! I drew the highest number. But to Jean, my foster-brother, a worse lot fell. I found him weeping and saying, "Mother, my poor mother!"

"Console yourself, Jean, I am an orphan, and will go in your stead," I said to him impulsively. He would not believe me.

Perrine stood under the pear-tree. Her eyes filled with tears. She said to me, "You have done a noble thing. See, my Pierre, I will wait for you."

* * * * * *

"Left, right, left, right! Forward! Forward!" So we reached Wagram. Pierre be brave! Here is the enemy. I saw a line of fire. Five hundred cannon were thundering at once. Smoke oppressed the lungs, and blood soaked the feet. I was afraid, and I looked behind me.

Behind me was the pear-tree whose blossoms had changed to fruit. I closed my eyes and saw Perrine, who was praying for me. God be praised! Pierre, be brave!

"Forward! Forward! Left, right! Aim, fire! Charge bayonets!" "Ah, the recruit does well! Boy, what is your name?" "Monsieur, my name is Pierre." "Pierre, I make you a corporal." Perrine, O my Perrine! Corporal! Hurrah for war! The day of battle is a holiday. To rise in the army all that is necessary is to put one foot foremost.

Left, right! "Was it you, Pierre?" "Yes, your Majesty." I received my epaulets. There were plenty on the shoulders of the dead. "Monsieur, a thousand thanks!"

And on to Moscow! On the vast snow-covered plain a road marked by the dead; here, the river; there, the enemy; on both sides—death. "Who will place the first pontoon?" "I, Monsieur." "Always you, Captain." He gave me his cross. God be praised!

* * * * * *

Perrine, my Perrine, you will be proud of me. The campaign is ended, and I have my leave. Ring, bells, for our wedding! The road is long, but hope travels fast. Down there behind the hill, there is the village. I recognize the belfry. The bells are ringing. Ringing—but the pear-tree? The month of flowers has come, but still, I do not see the flower-laden branches. I had always seen them from afar. They had cut down the tree of my early love. The blossoming branches lay scattered on the ground.

"Why are the bells ringing, Matthieu?" "For a wedding, Monsieur le Capitaine." Matthieu did not know me. He spoke the truth. The bride and groom ascended the steps of the church. The bride was Perrine—*my* Perrine; joyous and more beautiful than ever. Jean, my foster-brother, was the bridegroom. The people about me were saying, "They love each other, they will be happy."

"But Pierre?" I asked. "What Pierre?" they answered. They had forgotten me.

I knelt at the church-door. I prayed for Perrine, and I prayed for Jean—all that I loved on earth. The service over, I gathered a blossom from the fallen pear-tree—a poor little withered blossom, and went on my way without looking back. God be praised! "They love each other. They will be happy."

* * * * * *

"Monsieur!" "You are back, already, Pierre?" "Yes." "You are only two-and-twenty. You shall be a general, and you shall be knighted. If you wish, I will give you a countess for a wife."

Pierre drew from his breast a little withered flower, plucked from the fallen pear-tree. "Monsieur, my heart is like this—I wish a post in the vanguard where I can die like a Christian soldier."

The post in the vanguard was given him. At the end of the village there is the grave of a general, killed on a day of victory. Two-and-twenty. In place of a name there are these three words: "God be praised!"

PATRIOTISM A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

CARDINAL DESIRE MERCIER,
Archbishop of Malines, Belgium.

FAR down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of families inhabiting the same soil, having among themselves relations more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community, of memories happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization, to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes.

Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the State to be the very ideal of human duty.

The religion of Christ makes patriotism a positive law. There is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of resistance in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests are merged in the interests of all, and that all lives are together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that one's country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The despotism of the Cæsars suggested the false principle

that the State is omnipotent, and that the power of the State is the rule of right. Not so, replies Christian theology; right is peace—that is, the interior order of a nation founded upon justice. And justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man.

Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war." War is not to be made except for the attainment of peace. In the light of this teaching, patriotism is seen in its religious character. There is no absolute except God. God alone dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute subordination of all things to right, is to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers, whose heroism we praise, answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty;" or, "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their patriotism. The soldier who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches the highest of all degrees of charity.

Christian mothers, be proud of your soldier sons. Of all human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I behold you in your affliction standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulations. Not all heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity—it cancels a whole lifetime of sins, it transforms a sinful man into a saint.

God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice. We, therefore, acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness through their patriotism.

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